

# The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Literature, Society, and Art.

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## Contents of No. CXXIV.

The Government of Cities, . . . . .	355	Mr. Osborn's Comedies, . . . . .	363
Competitive Longevity, . . . . .	356	Reply to Hon. Charles G. Loring upon	
The Obnoxious Excise, . . . . .	356	Reconstruction, . . . . .	363
The Treasury Policy, . . . . .	357	Twice Taken, . . . . .	363
Central Park, . . . . .	357	Neighbors' Wives, . . . . .	364
Fortification, . . . . .	358	Woodward's Record of Horticulture, .	364
Oratorio, . . . . .	359		
THE AMERICAN PRESS:		BOOKS RECEIVED, . . . . .	364
III. Country Papers, . . . . .	359	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
POETRY:		Letter from Mr. G. Washington Moon, .	364
Day Dreams, . . . . .	361	LITERARIANA, . . . . .	364
REVIEWS:		NOTES AND QUERIES, . . . . .	365
The Papacy, . . . . .	361		

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1867.

### THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

AMONG the questions which we hope to see so treated by the Constitutional Convention that they will remain settled for at least twenty years is the important one to us, how cities shall be governed. One-half of the population of this state lives in cities and villages; one-third of its population is to be found dwelling or daily working in this great metropolis, made up of New York and Brooklyn. The question of city and village government is not, therefore, an exceptional or subordinate one; on the contrary, it interests quite as many of the people of the state as does that of the rural governments in counties and towns. It is almost as important that city government should be put into permanent shape as that the general form of the state government should be fixed by the supreme law. For twenty years past the public affairs of this city have been administered under a framework the shape of which has been changed with every annual session of the Legislature. Not in trivial matters, but in fundamental principles the government of this city has been every year subject to changes at the hands of a body chosen by the people not for the purpose of making up the framework of governments, whether for the state or for minor localities, but chosen for the limited purpose of carrying on government within the limits of a framework previously constructed. Neither upon general principles nor by natural capacity for the necessary deliberation is the Legislature the proper authority to regulate, by its ever-changing will, the forms under which the one-half of our people who choose to live in villages and cities shall be governed. This duty belongs to the Constitutional Convention, and it is a duty to which they may well devote a large portion of their thought and labor. If the present tendency is to continue, full one-half of the people of this state will, in the course of a few years, be dwellers in its large cities.

We have no faith in special legislation upon any subject, whether such legislation be of ordinary rank or of that highest degree which results in a supreme law laid down in a constitution. The Convention, therefore, will err if it provides a special government for this city, or for it and its great neighbor, Brooklyn. It should provide one form for all cities. The common argument that the population of this city is more disorderly than that of other cities and needs, therefore, a peculiar government, is false in its facts. The past history of our country, up to the time when control of their own affairs was taken from the people of this city, will show more frequent riots and worse riots in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and the other smaller cities than have ever disgraced New York; and it will show also that here, more rapidly than anywhere else, in case of great disasters, an efficient force be drawn from the general population to put down riots without extrinsic aid. In the anti-Catholic riots of Philadelphia, several years ago, the mob held undisputed possession of the city, parading its streets with cannon and organized companies of artillery for more than a week; large masses of the population, including crowds of women and children, were forcibly exiled and driven to the woods and fields of the surrounding country to find a temporary security from the fury of their neighbors in exposure, unsheltered, to the less cruel weather. The orderly population of that city was stunned into supineness and for some ten days made no effort to restore authority. No such prolonged reign of disorder has ever disgraced New York. Even during the draft riots, when our local militia had been taken away by a pressing exigency in the war, and when by our mistaken and successive measures of patchwork legislation the responsibility for the peace of the city and the power to preserve it was divided among half-a-dozen independent departments, no such prolongation of disorder occurred. Three or four years ago, in what was then a large, compact village but is now

one of the smallest cities of this state, a prisoner was taken, without any resistance except from one brave Catholic priest, from his cell in a strong and defensible jail and hanged to death by the mob in the public streets. The riot was begun in broad daylight and its object accomplished before bedtime, on Sunday, when all men were at leisure to aid the public authorities, and with the sheriff living, and then at home, within a quarter of a mile of the scene. No one was hurt except the victim of the mob; not one of the mob suffered a day's personal hardship afterwards by way of punishment. Such things do not occur with impunity to the actors in this great city. The country village rowdy is a far more impudent animal than the city rowdy, and both in villages and rural neighborhoods orderly persons have to submit, from hopelessness of remedy, to more frequent violations of their personal rights, in proportion to the population, than we do in this city. No one who has mingled in crowds in other cities, and has not been afraid to go among a New York crowd, will hesitate to recognize the superior disposition of a New York crowd for order and decency. And it must be borne in mind that our crowds are monster crowds compared with any that can be got up elsewhere on this continent. We aver that we have quite as easily governed a population as is to be found in any part of the state or of the country, and we appeal confidently to the history of the city and of the whole country in proof. We need nothing here except what is needed in every good government, well-known and exclusive responsibility in some one official and ample powers lodged in this one man. Dual, triple, and divided executives are failures by the long experience of the civilized world. Boards and commissions for executive duties are mere devices for allowing every member thereof to shirk responsibility.

What we need, then, in the first place, is a strong and efficient executive, responsible in his own person for all executive duties connected with the administration of the city affairs, including the preservation of its peace, and responsible himself to but one master, the people of the city. To the end of securing this exclusive and undivided responsibility in one man, we would give to him the absolute appointment of all subordinate executive officers in the proper affairs of the city. It has been a practice with us to have our chief executives submit to the legislative body, or to one branch of it, nominations for ministerial subordinates. It is a practice begotten of the jealousy of executive power with which we came out of the Revolution. Experience, we think, has shown that no division of responsibility for executive duties, no matter how slight, is wise. Our own recent experience in this city, when the Board of Aldermen rejected a long list of unobjectionable men, nominated successively by the Mayor for Street Commissioner, is in point to show that we do not, by such submission, secure better appointments. It is better that the responsibility be entire, and the responsibility cannot be entire unless the power be given entire. It is better that the chief executive be not forced to consult any one in his appointments of ministerial subordinates, and so that he be estopped from throwing any portion of the blame for bad appointments off his own shoulders. Financial officers are exceptions; appropriation of the public money belongs not to the executive, but, by the theory and practice of our government, to the legislative department. The actual payment of the money in accordance with the appropriation is, nevertheless, a ministerial or executive duty for which the chief executive should be responsible. By the mixed interest and responsibility which attach in money matters to the legislative and executive departments, we would be disposed to give the appointment of the treasurer and comptroller of the city jointly to the two—that is to say, the mayor to nominate and the legislative body, or part of it, to confirm. In every other point we would keep the legislative and executive departments strictly separated.

While we claim for the people in cities the exclusive management of their own proper affairs, and that, if left to their own management, these affairs will be better conducted than under any other system, we nevertheless admit that in one thing the people of

the state at large have a direct interest and have a right ultimately to control. We mean the preservation of the public peace. While the preservation of public order will, in our judgement, be best provided for in all ordinary times by leaving it in the hands of the local executive chosen by the city, yet the governor is the ultimate guardian of the peace of every part of the state and responsible for good order everywhere. Unless we provide for his prompt interference everywhere, whenever necessary, we, in fact, destroy the integrity and unity of the state. His interference is provided for now, first, by his power to remove the mayor, and, secondly, by the authority given him to declare a locality in insurrection. Both these are remedies which will not be applied except after delay and in extreme cases; one of them only after the delay of a quasi-judicial trial. What we want is a prompt, easy method for the state authority superseding for a time the local authorities in the one great matter of preserving order, and in no other, whenever, from neglect of duty, abuse of power, or inability, the local magistracy fails or is likely to fail in this duty. The governor or chief guardian of the public peace should be always present, by himself or his representative, in every part of the state, but especially in cities, where of course disorderly combinations of a formidable nature can be more rapidly organized than in the rural districts, because men live handier to each other. He should be present not to be constantly intermeddling with the local administration, but that he may be always on the watch and ready, at a moment's warning, to exert his power when necessary. The governor was thus present in every county when, under our old form, he had the appointment of the sheriffs. In our mad anxiety to carry out the principle of election by the people to its extreme limits, we have given the choice of these officers, who properly are representatives of the central power, to the localities. Sheriffs are lieutenants or deputies of the chief executive of the state, and the people of a county have, upon principle, no more claim to choose a sheriff than they have to appoint the governor's tailor. It is probably too late now to restore to the governor the appointment of sheriffs. But we can give to the chief magistrate of the state a local deputy in every city and county by some other name. A chief coroner might be appointed by the governor for every county, on whom, in addition to the duties now pertaining to the coroner, might be imposed those of chief peace officer of the locality, and to whom might be transferred all the power now or heretofore belonging to the sheriff for preserving the peace and for calling out the power of the county. Let the sheriffs continue to be jail-keepers, thief-catchers, and servers of process from the courts; let them retain all their present duties and powers, except the one great duty of representing the central executive in preserving local order by the power of the county. If they need extraordinary aid for enforcing process, they can apply to the coroner to detail a posse.

It is as proper that the governor should be chief of the civil or peace police of the state as that he should be head of its war police or military forces. To give efficiency to his action it is necessary that he should act in both instances through officers of his own appointment. With the central executive thus represented in every locality by a deputy who could act on the moment, without waiting for proclamations or other formalities, the ordinary local police might safely be left to the local authorities. The organized local police could not be the means of abuse of power on the part of the mayor, for the whole body of the police, organized as it was, could, by his superior authority, be taken over by the sheriff or coroner as part of his *posse comitatus* at any time that he found it necessary. In case of a riot so threatening as to require military aid this deputy of the governor would be supreme chief of all the forces, military and civil, and there would be none of the indecision and delay and uncertainty as to whom we all must look for direction which are now apt to prevail for a time in such instances. The mere existence of such a power in every county and city, ordinarily latent but always ready for exertion, would act to check abuses in the local police and actual interference would be rarely necessary. With a deputy of the governor so



resident here no excuse would have been given by maladministration for superseding permanently the city police by the present state police force, which, being irresponsible to the local magistracy, is every day more and more abusing its powers. The great duty of the governor is to see that the laws of the state are faithfully executed; the duty of sheriffs is to do the same within their bailiwicks; the main duty of a city police is to enforce the ordinances of the city; the former should be appointees of the governor, the latter subordinate to the local chief magistrate.

Whether the power of removing the mayor should still be left with the governor is a question of not much moment; a shorter term of office for the mayor would, it seems to us, render any such power of removal unnecessary. The separation of the city elections from the general election is wise, but the time appointed is not the best. The people now come into the municipal election in December tired with the struggle of the preceding month, and, therefore, somewhat indifferent. Municipal elections in the spring for cities, as they are now appointed for counties, would be better. We shall have more to say on this subject in connection with the legislative bodies proper for cities.

#### COMPETITIVE LONGEVITY.

A CONSPICUOUS sensational preacher recently wrote to a weekly paper which is neither conspicuous nor sensational that he intended to read it until he died—or it did. This gratifying assurance we have lately seen reproduced under circumstances which lead to the conclusion that the journal in question has found it extremely cheering and consolatory. The public having thus been virtually invited to participate in the pleasurable emotions derived from this gush of enthusiastic appreciation we have less delicacy than we otherwise should have in straying for a moment into the wide field of conjecture which Mr. Beecher's ambiguous alternative so ingeniously opens. Heroic resolution is always admirable, and the reverend gentleman's fortitude and constancy have been so abundantly established that he has a right to expect credit in advance for any resolve, however intrinsically difficult its fulfilment, which he thinks proper to announce. There are, however, certain propositions which have an air of quixotism and which a discreet experience usually prompts men of the world to withhold. If a person deliberately assures you of his intention to persist to the death in a course whose occasion it rests with yourself to terminate he puts you in the difficult position either of assenting to the termination or of being *particeps criminis* in his decease. From this point of view, Mr. Beecher's heroism is not so generous as at first sight it appears. In the desperate struggle which he proposes there is, it seems, to be no issue save in the positive annihilation of one of the combatants. From what we know of Mr. Beecher we do not suppose he means to be this one; we do not think that he intends to be annihilated at present. Chivalry apart, he owes something to the readers of *The Ledger*, and great as may be his soul and noble his impulses we do not think that it will be generally admitted that the payment of this debt can be made compatible with the fulfilment of the daring pledge he has just astonished us by putting forth.

But if Mr. Beecher does not really contemplate sinking under his self-imposed task and if his announcement to that end be indeed only a *façon de parler*, he obliges us to perceive in his note something ironical, if not sinister, which is more creditable to his wit than his heart. If he really wishes well to the organ he so graciously patronizes, he errs in so directly instructing an idolizing community that his own existence absolutely depends upon the extinction of that of the paper. The consequences of so cruel an alternative are too distressing to enumerate, and this fact should have been seriously considered before the public were called upon, as they now have been, irrevocably to make the election. Some unfeeling souls may say, to be sure, "For choice, give me neither," and, in the desperate strife, memory may fondly stray to the legend of the Kilkenny cats. It is not, however, expectable from Mr. Beecher's history that he will shape his course solely with reference to the tastes of the inimical. The judgement of the wisest is,

however, sometimes at fault, and it is with the most candid appreciation of Mr. Beecher's importance to the community as the Magnus Apollo of fictitious theology that we implore him to pause in his awful career before he is actually hurried to the brink of catastrophe. We grant the necessity he is under at this time for seeking materials of a spirited, original, non-conventional, and absorbing description for his new story; but even this necessity should not urge him to carry out the terrible determination he so rashly avows. Society and Plymouth Church have claims upon him as well as periodical literature, and that just regard for the tasteful, the symmetrical, and the harmonious which has ever been so notable a feature of his character should prompt him to round his life more justly and not prematurely to bring it to so shocking an end.

It may be that *Norwood* and *The Ledger* have proved too much for him; and that, stung by exciting causes which only partially appear on the surface, Mr. Beecher's deplorable design should in charity be ascribed to the mere frenzy of desperation. In this case we submit that the matter is a proper one for the interference of the authorities. It is in the category of a duel *à la mort*, to prevent which the law should interpose. When individuals, whether sane indeed or otherwise, boldly publish their resolve to commit some dreadful deed or die in the attempt, it is the duty of society forcibly to prevent the consummation. Whether the action proposed be against the lives or property of others or it be, as in this case, in the nature of *felix de se* makes no difference. The avowal of the purpose justifies its inhibition; and it will be no excuse for the outraged community if, after the calamity, their neglectful servants profess ignorance or contrition. An occasion like this calls for the good offices of all right-minded people; but more especially should the lovers of piquant and inspiring literature and the admirers of theological fiction interpose to prevent disaster. The readers of *The Ledger*—a highly respectable as well as numerous body and one well calculated at this time to judge of Mr. Beecher's frame of mind no less than of the value of his literary discernment—should stand forth compactly in this crisis and insist that their interests together with those of humanity should at all costs be protected. Should they fail to do so, and should the author of *Norwood* in pursuance of his fell intent perish before the climax of that exquisite piece of diction be attained, their sufferings will in no sense be mitigated by the reflection that they might have been forestalled.

We would willingly take, if we could, a less sorrowful view of this afflicting situation. It is true that, slavery being dead, its opponents are deprived in a measure of their *raison d'être*; but we do not see that on such an account they are called upon to destroy each other. Mr. Beecher has done some good in his way, and some harm; the journal he assails with such malevolent eulogy has also done some good, and—so far as we know—very little harm. The world is wide enough for both; and why they should unite in their professed demoniacal purpose—each to consent to live only on condition that the other ceases to do so—passes our understanding. It were better, much better, that they shake hands and part than continue a sinister union which is confessedly to end in fratricidal disaster. Eschewing the theory of dementia, and assuming that Mr. Beecher is not only in his right mind but in sober earnest, we think it would be much better for himself and for literature if the reverend enthusiast were to make up his mind to read *The Ledger* until he dies—or it does—than to persevere in his present intention. Such a resolution, we can readily conceive, besides being in a reciprocal sense more congenial, would afford chances for mutual longevity which are imperceptible in the plan under consideration. We have no doubt but that Mr. Bonner will cordially subscribe to this proposition, and will agree that his gushing contributor should continue not only to read but to write for him until *The Ledger* dies, or he does; and as the popular inclination and belief will probably place both events somewhere in the neighborhood of the Millennium, Mr. Beecher would be provided through this scheme with opportunities—which he suicidally would forego in the other case—for indefinite usefulness to mankind in a felicitously appropriate sphere.

#### THE OBNOXIOUS EXCISE.

SUNDAY laws and liquor laws are a constant source of trouble as well to saints as to sinners. The restraints of these laws are never satisfactory to the good people for more than twelve months together; at every session the Legislature is besieged by the temperance philanthropists for additional restraints upon the sin of drinking or for new forms of restraint. This shifting shape of the law makes it difficult for the sinners and their friends, the modern publicans, to conform their habits with the general regulations as to how men may drink. Our dealings with the publicans and sinners of this city are of a kind very opposite to the way taken by the Great Teacher of Christianity with like classes of men. He sought to lift them up; we seek to degrade them below all manliness. We admit, by licensing it, that the sale of liquor is not a crime to be forbidden; we do not license and regulate thieving and other crimes, we forbid them outright. The selling of liquor we make lawful and not criminal, and yet we surround the homes of those who pursue this licensed calling with a degrading inspection by thief-catchers of all they do within their own doors; from which, in their homes, thieves and prostitutes are free. We shall not thus add to what temperance liquor-sellers may possess patience with society and its proper restraints, nor shall we leave their intemperance as their solitary vice; but we shall add to their intemperance impatience of social restraints and social decencies, a consciousness that it is war between them and society, where mutual injury not mutual good is the rule of conduct. The great mass of our people do not believe it a sin to drink ale and wine; most of them believe it no sin to drink spirits; nor can they be made to believe it a sin to do so on Sunday; many an irreproachable church-member takes a glass of wine or ale at his own table between services on Sunday, and in this class will be found some of the respectable lobby who are found at Albany every winter urging restraints upon liquor selling; very excellent clergymen find a glass of wine at dinner on Sunday useful to prepare for the afternoon's labors after their exhaustion from the morning services. If drinking on Sunday is to be put by the law on the same level with thieving, and those who are suspected of doing it are to be degraded by the constant watchfulness of detectives as if they belonged to the worst of the dangerous classes of society, they will be driven into the dangerous classes. Personal pride is a most efficient protection to society, and it cannot with safety be needlessly broken down. When the law puts a trivial sin on the same footing as a higher crime, it destroys the distinction in the common mind between great and little crimes. When thieving and murder were both punished by death, thieves added murder to robbery more frequently than they do now. By such legislation we do not so much repress the commission of the little sins as we increase the frequency of higher crimes. We bring the common mind down from high horror of the great crime to a lower average shrinking from all crime.

The constant changes to which our license laws are subject prove that the matter is a difficult one to deal with. We have tried, in different parts of the country, all manner of legal regulations from the well-known Maine Law of absolute repression of all drinking of alcoholic stimulants to many more or less severe degrees of repression and prevention. All have proved fruitless of good. Just as much whiskey is made as ever, and it is a fair presumption that it is absorbed into the stomachs of our people. We are straining the doctrine of repression and the application of preventive measures so far in this city that a reaction in public opinion may follow which will sweep away all restraints upon the traffic in stimulating beverages. We hope our well-meaning citizens who are devoting themselves to this one idea of temperance will take time to study the history of action and reaction. It may be that they are working towards an end which they do not see.

We are not prepared to say whether absolute freedom in the selling of liquor, with severe punishment for all abuses, may or may not prove to be the wisest way of treating the subject. Drunkenness is a great social sin, which society has a right, for its own protection, to punish. Drunkenness in the streets or in



other places where men are congregated is a disgusting offence against decency, for which the offender should be, without remorse, shut up in a public prison. Minors and weak-minded persons, including habitual drunkards, are of classes over whom society may exert a special care, and the sale of liquors to them may be made a cause for very severe punishment of the seller. Disorders and nuisances society has the right to repress, and the neighborhood in which the nuisance exists has the special right to abate what annoys them chiefly. The law about disorderly houses might be made more stringent and effectual, and the immediate neighbors or any prescribed number of them might be vested with the absolute power to judge of the nuisance and to insist on its abatement by the officers of the law, under no more formal process than these neighbors' deliberate authentic written demand. These are measures of punishment for acts done, not of prevention; and it is in this way we seek to prevent high crimes. Direct preventive measures are being so strained that there is danger of their being next thrown aside altogether. The theory that alcohol is a poison in the same sense as laudanum, and that therefore its sale and use must be closely watched by the public authorities, on account of constant and immediate danger to human life, is overthrown by medical testimony in the theory's special home, Massachusetts.

We counsel the friends of temperance, among whom we number ourselves, that there is danger of a reaction so powerful that when it comes no word from them will be listened to, and we advise them to add now to their own faith temperance and some degree of patience with the publicans and sinners.

#### THE TREASURY POLICY.

THE financial policy of the Treasury has broken down. Contraction of the legal-tender currency is stopped. The Secretary, in a letter which an invitation to dine in Boston gave him a chance to write, would make us believe that he has given up contracting the currency because he thinks it wise to do so. That it may be sure to appear wholly voluntary on his part, he gives at length the four reasons by which he was brought to stop contracting. Among these four does not appear the simple and conclusive one that he stopped contracting because he had to do so. He can only cancel the legal-tender notes to the extent that he may receive them in payment of government dues and to the extent that he does not have to pay them out again. His power to contract is limited by the amount of his surplus of revenue and he is now getting no surplus revenue. He finds use for all the paper money he receives and cannot afford to burn any of it. Every one can see these are the facts of the case, and the Secretary insults the public understanding when he takes merit to himself because necessity is driving him to change his course. Not only is contraction stopped, but a fresh issue of paper money is hinted at as probable. In no other sense can we understand the Secretary's phrase that events "may render a temporary increase of the debt unavoidable." The bonds to the Pacific Railroad are not a temporary but, having thirty years to run, a tolerably permanent form of addition to the debt; nor can he believe that the bounties to soldiers, the extraordinary expenditures for the Indian war and for the military government of the South and other large items of which he complains, will cause only a temporary increase of the debt. The Secretary has power, we believe, to issue fifty millions of fresh legal-tender notes; and it must be of such an increase of the debt that he is thinking when he speaks of it as temporary. If he should issue these new legal-tender notes, he will stand, as to contraction, just where he began. He had \$450,000,000 legal-tender notes out when he began; he has \$400,000,000 out now; he has only to issue his \$50,000,000 of new notes, and he will have accomplished a pleasant ride around a circle of contraction and got back safe to his starting point. It is true he has ridden down some of the faith and energy and comfort of the people, and raised a dust of doubt and distrust, but he has had his ride on his hobby and has listened to no "quackery." He was warned long ago that contraction would break down his revenue; but this, though it has come true, is, in his judgement, "quackery." He was warned long ago that contrac-

tion of his legal-tenders would not make them worth more, and would not put down the so-called premium on gold, and would not bring him nearer to specie payments; he has contracted to the extent of fifty millions, and gold is higher to-day than when he began; yet any other method than his is "quackery." He was warned that contraction would disturb the business and industry of the country, and that this disturbance was wanton and unnecessary, because all this suffering by the people would not bring him any nearer to the end he desired. He predicted six months ago that under his policy the government would resume specie payments on the first of July of next year. He was warned that, under his policy, we should be not nearer to but farther off from specie payments as we went on. He evidently gives up now the resumption next July, and yet all the advice that differed from his own policy was "quackery." There is a class of physicians who prefer their patients should die *secundum artem* rather than that they should recover through any departure from the routine which the doctor adopts after reading many books. It is better, in their judgement, that the patients die than that the regular doctor's infallibility be questioned. Although nothing has been accomplished in his two years' experiments towards specie payments, although the debt is on the increase and the revenue diminishing, the Secretary tells his Boston friends, while he admits all these things, that they must not infer he is not "hopeful of the financial future." His anxiety to say this is not a good indication. We have witnessed three several general suspensions of the banks of this city and in every instance the bank presidents got together the day before the suspension and unanimously resolved to the public that there was no danger; that their condition was so strong that nothing could bring them to suspension. We remember in our youth coming very close to death under repeated doses of an old-fashioned physician of the heroic school; we remonstrated at last that his doses were taking all the strength out of our body. "No matter," said the man of infallible routine, "the weaker you get, the better."

We admit that Congress has been reckless and unwise, and in nothing more unwise than leaving the public finances and the great interests of the people to be managed at the caprice of any one man. But though Congress has probably by its reckless appropriations increased the total of our debt to three thousand millions, that is a sum under which this great country need not stagger. If it staggers it will be from weakness induced by the blunders of what self-complacency pronounces to be the regular practice, but which has proved itself already to be most unsuccessful quackery. The worst indication for our financial future in this letter of the Secretary is this: that while he admits the failure of all his expectations and predictions, he has lost none of his self-complacency, and that while the road he has hitherto travelled has led him nowhere, he shows no signs of trying another path.

#### CENTRAL PARK.

BOSTON has its Organ, Philadelphia its Water-Works, Chicago its Tunnel, Baltimore its Monument and Soft-Shell Crabs, Washington its public buildings and Functionaries—New York has its Central Park. This is the *pièce de résistance* for all our sight-seers—the verdant shrine whereon the innocent pet vanities of equally verdant country cousins are unceremoniously and ruthlessly inmolated:

"ara castis  
Vineta verbenis avet immolato  
Spargier agno."

There are few things in life more charming than the air of conscious yet diffident pride with which your genuine New Yorker unfolds its green delights to the half-doubting, half-admiring, wholly awestruck provincial mind. The pitiless magnanimity with which he will concede to the writhing Bostonian the temporary superiority of those elms on the Common is only equalled in its way by the compassionate tenderness wherewith he points out to the gasping Philadelphian its hundred acres of reservoir. He does not attempt to praise it; he feels that that would indeed be gilding refined gold or painting the lily. Words are weak to convey his impressions of its beauty; like the profane teamster irretrievably stuck in the mud, he is conscious of his utter inability to do justice to the subject. He is content to let it speak

for itself; in tree and flower and shrub, in velvet sward and leafy copse and winding water, he reads a wonderful landscape poem of unique and ever-varying loveliness. He takes it for granted, too, that there can be no question of its infinite superiority over all other parks past, present, or to come; he does not expect admiration as a courtesy, he demands it as a right. But let some perverse and stiff-necked spirit hesitate with the required homage; let some rash person from Baltimore, for instance (such rashness however incredible is not impossible, as we can testify)—let some rash person from Baltimore venture to bring into modest comparison the merits of Druid Park, and momentary stupefaction is followed by a quiet smile and shrug that are simply superb in their crushing scorn. They mingle mild reproof with melancholy wonder; they hint that amount of well-bred displeasure which even hospitality allows itself to show at totally unlooked for and fatal infractions of decorum, such as eating with a knife, using the contraction "gents," and the like; they say more plainly than words: "Sir, or madam, *chacun à son goût*, of course; 'tis a free country, but—your taste is very vile." Was it not the Jesuit Hardouin who replied to a disparager of Cicero's style, "My dear friend, say no more about it and I won't tell"? Very much in the same commiserating spirit does our New Yorker meet disparagement of his beloved park. Not a few of our enlightened fellow-citizens, indeed, fondly imagine it not only the grandest, loveliest, and costliest of all actual or even possible parks—most of us believe that—but also the largest; Windsor Park, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Prater at Vienna being to their somewhat fervent fancy the merest baby gardens, the veriest parklets, beside it. Well, it is not exactly all our fancy paints it; there are many parks in the old world of greater area, but very few more beautiful or, at least, showing better promise of beauty. There is reason enough to justify all the admiration, even love, with which New Yorkers have come to regard it.

To a vast majority of them it is all the country they ever see—brookside, seaside, and spa, Saratoga, Newport, the Catskills in one. Only there—to its green lawns and breezy uplands, its crystal lakes and cool, dim shrubberies—can they turn for relief from the dust and din and turmoil of the roaring city; through the long, sultry, stifling summer noons they yearn towards its quiet shades, its pure, fresh nature; and daily, when the iron hand of traffic has loosed its remorseless grip upon their lives, these recurrent pilgrims hasten to seek, through the Slough of Despond wherewith the Common Council and the car companies have environed it, its thrice Delectable Mountains. Very pleasant it is after the heat and travail of the day to stretch one's self on its soft green sward, to breathe the balmy fragrance of its lilacs; to lose one's self in its sequestered dells away out of sight and hearing and remembrance of the weary world or, climbing to the summit of the Knoll, to catch a glimpse of its glorious landscape unrolled like a panorama—in the foreground the countless spires and chimneys of the great city, on either hand the blue waters of the twin rivers, far to the north the fertile meadows of Westchester, far to the south the flashing billows of the ocean, at one's feet a wilderness of sweets. Pleasanter still, perhaps, to note the various phases of happy humanity around; to observe young Snobbs enthusiastically pointing out the Elm (he always spells it with a capital E) which had the happiness of being planted by the Prince of Wales; to watch the comely nursery-maid neglect her rosy, romping charges to make *les yeux doux* at the handsome policeman; to sympathize with practical citizens in ingenuous and natural wonder whether the statue of Commerce may not be everything else but what it is, or the bust of Schiller, really meant for Edwin Booth, whom it so much resembles, or (as we were not long since edified to hear a lively dame inform her enquiring spouse) one of the Schuyler family of Albany; better still to survey the stately, never-ending procession of carriages that slowly winds up the Ramble to the grand music-stand and the Casino. Thus far, saith fashion, thou shalt go and no further. Let us hope that no tinge of envy mingles with and mars our admiration for this epitome of the wealth and brilliancy and beauty of our city. Poor but superior people are very apt to resent almost as a personal affront the affluence of their luckier neighbors. They are shocked by the obtrusive magnificence of their houses, outraged by the unnecessary fineness of their broadcloth, positively insulted by the glaring splendor of their equipages. And yet all this while these poor, rich folks may be far enough from any notion of giving offence, may feel on particularly good terms with all the world—may even flatter themselves that they are living in most subdued and unostentatious fashion. It is so hard to reconcile ourselves to the belief that the crown which wanton For



tune has denied to us may be quite as well deserved and worthily worn where she has set it—that all rich men are not vulgar parvenus, and all poor ones uncomplaining martyrs. Let us hope that we carry no such bitterness beyond the gates. The park is emphatically the people's pleasure-ground, where the *crème de la crème* and the skim-milk of society, the millionaire and the milliner, the banker and the boot-black mingle on equal terms. It belongs even more to the poor and humble than to the rich and great; aristocracy and wealth seem almost on sufferance within its precincts. It is pleasant at least to indulge the thought that it is for us who trudge along on foot rather than for Dives yonder behind his four high-stepping bays that all this vast outlay was made with such magnificent results. And in a measure it is true. Dives could be whirled at a moment's notice to any of a thousand suburban paradises; we, unblest with high-stepping bays, had to content ourselves with such scanty whiffs of air and gleams of verdure as our city squares afforded. It really seems as though the poorest among us had more actual right in the Central Park than the richest. Yet poor and rich alike have every reason to love it, endeared as it is by all happy and healthful memories.

So we are ever ready to sing its praises and do battle à l'outrance in its behalf; yet not, we trust, so intent on its beauties as to be blind to some of its obvious faults. We have heard it intimated that there is just a trifle too much architecture about it, that art has to some extent usurped and overshadowed the right of nature. Yet who could find it in his heart to spare a single one of its graceful bridges? And the present deficiency in shade, which is sadly felt in places, is one that time will remedy. A more obvious and less easily mended defect is the narrowness of the main carriage roads. That these might be advantageously doubled in width no one who has witnessed the throng of vehicles that chokes them on fine summer afternoons when there is music on the Mall, still less any who have tried to drive in them at such times, will deny. This evil might be partially obviated by setting apart certain roads for exits and others for entrances, but such an arrangement would sadly trammel the sense of entire freedom in the Park which makes one of its greatest charms. Again, of the several refectories for which provision was made in the original plan, only one, the Casino, has yet been erected. One disagreeable consequence of this delay has been the colonization of a young German beer-garden in the Arcade, which is one of the most discreditable features of the park. We have heard many and serious complaints urged against this establishment by ladies who have taken occasion to pass through it in going to the Terrace, and who unanimously declared it to be "a real shame"—indeed, some have gone so far as to assert it was "perfectly awful." And certainly it seems unfair to appropriate any part of a common thoroughfare to the use of a portion of the community in a manner which is distasteful to the rest. If our German fellow-citizens must have their beer and pretzels, let suitable buildings be erected throughout the park where those delicacies can be afforded them. At any rate, we protest against blocking up the Arcade with the unsightly tables and benches that make it hideous during the summer months. This matter of refectories we deem one of considerable importance. No resource should be neglected to render the park attractive to all classes of the community; they should be encouraged to spend there all the time they can spare for recreation. Its influence as an educational element can scarcely be over-estimated; only second, indeed, to our public schools—hardly second to them. For it is not the intellect of our people that needs to be cultivated so much as their taste, their aesthetic perceptions. There is no danger that we shall be fools; there is every danger that we shall become, or rather remain, coarse, practical, hard—enslaved to that absurd utilitarianism which we deprecated in a former paper. It is needful that we should learn to appreciate beauty for itself, to know "what moral lies in being fair;" that we should be content to admire a picturesque stream a little for its picturesqueness as well as its excellence for a mill-site. In this respect we think the park is doing great and practical benefit; the scantiness of its police record forcibly proves the refining and elevating influence of its quiet beauty; and to enhance its usefulness in this respect our endeavors, we think, should be chiefly directed. Zoölogical and botanical gardens, a picture gallery, a hall of statuary, a museum, to be open every day in the week, including Sundays, would do more to restrain vice (especially drunkenness) than a dozen excise laws, with as many commissions to enforce them. Sunday is the only day in the week that those have for recreation who need it most; it is no wise or humane policy that deprives them on that day of any innocent or harmless amuse-

ment. The crowds which every Sunday brings to throng the not very inviting hall of the old Arsenal to inspect with uncritical admiration its plaster casts, or gaze at the antics of the monkeys and badgers, prove how popular would be such resorts as we have indicated. On the same principle, too, we would like to have music every fine afternoon and in two or three different quarters of the park. We regret to notice that the car companies have this year declined to furnish their usual subscription to the fund for this purpose. If the resources of the commissioners are unequal to it without aid, and the general government should decline to act on the very sensible suggestion made in some of the daily papers to allow the Governor's Island band to play there, such assistance should be furnished by voluntary contribution. We are sure no visitor to the park would grudge the trifling sum which, if all were to contribute equally, would suffice.

We would suggest moreover, if feasible, the establishment of cab-stands, under the control of the commissioners, at certain points within the park and with a fixed tariff for times and distances. The convenience to the public would be great, especially in case of sudden storms. Pedestrians, betrayed by our variable climate and unfamiliar with the topography of the park, stand a good chance of a thorough wetting before finding their way out of its bewildering mazes.

We offer these suggestions solely from a desire to see Central Park attain as near and as speedily to that perfection which it is possible for it to reach and not from any wish to find fault with the management. The park commissioners have fulfilled with rare taste and discretion a not very easy task, and if every department of our city were governed as well we should have much reason to be grateful. As it is, the park stands to-day the fairest monument of metropolitan liberality and foresight, and if we are sometimes a little fervid in its praises few will blame us who have seen the temptation.

#### FLIRTATION.

FLIRTATION is so bitterly condemned by austere moralists who have lost the desire or ability to indulge in it as to deserve that candid examination upon its merits which a subject should receive when there is danger of its being too sharply dealt with on *ex parte* testimony. It is not reasonable to accept a man's estimate of a dinner when he notoriously had no appetite for it. Unthinking young people sometimes ridicule the pleasures of the old, and ill-tempered old people very often denounce the pleasures of the young through that failing which is one of the most common of our frail humanity, the incapacity for sympathy. Just as the ignorant are said to condemn everything they cannot understand, so may the impotency to enjoy a particular thing beget a distorted appreciation of it. It is not so always. There are old men and women who positively revel in the enjoyments of youth. Such people have large and sympathetic natures and diffuse warmth and sunshine wherever they go. Sympathy on the part of the young for the gratifications of age is more rare. Such a sentiment is to so great an extent a matter of development that time and experience seem quite essential to its growth and being. We, of course, see sympathy affected, in a conventional manner, every day; but the real thing is not, we think, a matter of volition. People ought to have it, of course; but, as with respect to some other things, it is not a matter of unmitigated reproach to be without it. Nevertheless, if we wish to get at truth we must disregard opinions which the mere weaknesses or deficiencies of mankind serve to disseminate and strive to judge of things upon their intrinsic merits.

We do not, then, condemn flirtation merely because the cynical, the desiccated natures which can neither feel nor inspire passion, condemn it. On the contrary, we regard this very fact as one which legitimately excites suspicion. Nor does it prove the innocence of flirtation that those who cannot flirt revile it, but their animadversions are surely to be taken with grains of salt. The general condemnation of flirtation among perhaps the majority of conventionally good people is, perhaps, a proof that a certain uneasiness subsists regarding the perfection of our present social system. People are afraid to speak out, but the uneasiness is there all the same and tempts them to acquiesce in the maintenance of artificial barriers which some philosophers think ought never to have been raised at all. We do not know that there is any harm in saying that the attraction which individuals of opposite sexes feel for each other is as much the gift of the Creator, and presumably therefore as consonant with His will, as the attraction for food and drink and for beautiful sights and sounds. Variety is indicated as an almost universal necessity for the health of the body;

but although the analogy and the inference as regards the needs of the soul are alike striking, we habitually thrust the idea out of sight for fear of disturbing the conventional regulations of society. We trust we shall not be accused of being advocates of free love if we observe that this fear is carried too far. The apprehension of infringing upon conventional laws made by man very often leads to the violation of laws made by God, and it seems to us that this is a momentous instance of it.

But waiving the delicate topic of physiological laws in relation to the sexes and to come to a collateral argument, let it be considered what the practical effect of an ultra condemnation of flirtation in fact is. Young men and women—and older ones, too, sometimes—wish very much to come together. They have a strong attraction for each other's society. They would like to walk together, hear music together, read poetry together, and so on. They gain from each other's personality a mysterious something which no philosopher has yet lived to explain, but which all understand, and they feel lighter, happier, and better for the electric acquisition. This is the common experience of a common but mysteriously beautiful thing. All the world cannot be "morbid" or "sentimental;" nor yet, in an offensive sense, erotic or morally perverted. But this experience we speak of is the experience of all, or nearly all. Being universal, then, and common to humanity everywhere, we have here one of the natural phenomena which are clearly evolved through an express and unmistakable design. The practice, however, for the most part is to impress upon the young, especially upon young women, that to conform with it—that is, to yield to their inclination for the society of the opposite sex—is very wrong; this inclination is represented as a thing to be repressed, checked, avoided, and to be ashamed of. An exaggerated stress is put upon these views. The result is what every one, even children, can see. The majority of young people are constantly involved in flirtations which they make it a religious duty to conceal. A habit of duplicity is thus formed which is often carried through life. No one can lie directly or implicitly without inflicting a stain upon the soul; and continual repetition will, in time, blot all its purity.

Deception is the fruit, then, of this proscription of flirtation—deception so flagrant and so widely spread as positively to have a marked effect upon the character of society. Women who might have been almost like angels become, through this experience, artful and sophistical. Men who might have possessed that noble candor which is manhood's brightest crown become secretive and depraved. The question naturally arises, Is there any real necessity for all this? Do we not in some manner commit a blunder, invite unhealthy results by artificial restraints, lead up to wrong doing indeed by the very means devised to forestall it? We fear that this is very much the case. We attach too much importance to the habitual mingling of the sexes, suggest by our warnings and denunciations what would otherwise be little thought of, provoke temptation by throwing around it a halo of forbidden mystery, distort, in a word, the natural relations which should be simple, straightforward, and conducive to refinement and spiritual growth by imposing exaggerated restraints. Our social laws on this subject, which should be the interpretation of nature expressed with gentle yet majestic serenity, are merely bungling substitutes, promulgated with a mingling of leers and frowns which excite at once disgust, curiosity, and rebellion.

It is possible to ameliorate this evil—without shocking the prejudices of the world—by those gradual processes whereby an enlightened common sense often supersedes, in our day, the danger of frantic revolutions. When it is once understood and believed that people can wish to be together from motives which include no thought or shade of wrong, and can draw strength and happiness from such communion without a dream of illicit intimacy, the fact will follow the understanding and belief, and much flirtation which now ends in or points to harm will become as innocent and healthful as the intercourse of children. There is a subtle something in the association of men and women which is natural, delightful, and improving, and which yet has no necessary relation to mere physical sexuality. To define that something is impossible; but it is only gross souls who will deny its existence, and there are many souls of the Lily's purity who need no proof of it. The flirtation, so-called, whose delicate superstructure is erected on this intangible basis is so far from being of the earth earthy, that we can well believe it to come as nearly as can any sublimary thing to the purified affections of the angels; and where such intercourse in truth exists it is an idle perversion to degrade it by a name which suggests frivolity and invites contempt.



## ORATORIO.

ALWAYS saving and excepting Wagner and the music of the future, there are few things which the well-bred New York amateur regards with more dread and horror than an oratorio. From 1730 to 1750 the then small colony was too much agitated about war with France to care whether Graun and Bach were or were not eclipsed by Handel; and for many years afterwards Puritanism and the Atlantic effectually prevented any of his works from reaching this continent.

The long apprenticeship which other nations have served—the centuries during which certain styles have predominated, and each man of genius in his day threw all his energies into the working out of that style until its capacities were exhausted and new forms arose—was nearly over before this young public of ours opened its eyes and began to perceive that something very interesting was going on. And now, in the hurry and bustle of modern life, with new composers claiming attention and new developments of power promised, that public may be excused if it is too busy watching and enjoying what is doing to have any time to spare to enquire as to what has been done. And so, when an oratorio is threatened, a cold shudder seizes the sensitive New Yorker; his mind goes back to George the Third, bag-wigs, and the heaven-born band; his memory goes back to the dreadful country church, where the still more dreadful choir got through something very antiquated which was once thought very fine, and he prays fervently that he may never be so bored again.

New York knows opera well. She appreciates and enjoys the best singing, and is seldom without one or two artists of the first class; while, thanks to quartet choirs, she hears a great deal of very commonplace music very nicely sung by those who imitate opera singers as far as they dare. Thanks to the Philharmonic and Theodore Thomas, a large moiety of New York knows the orchestral works of Beethoven and the later masters, including quite as much of Liszt and Berlioz as is at present desirable, while a smaller number—sometimes a very small number indeed—have stood by Messieurs Mason & Thomas in the disinterested effort they have made for twelve consecutive years to naturalize quartets (a form in which some of the noblest works extant have been written); and, finally, thanks to the really numerous body of first-class pianists, both professional and amateur, which we possess all that is written for, or can be done with, the piano is well known.

But it is well to ask ourselves is this all? Of the literature of music, the works approved and famous of eminent composers, are there not many which we never hear? One of the first things a man has to do when his education is said to be completed is to fill up great gaps in his knowledge of the past, that knowledge without which the present always seems confused, wanting in significance, unassignable to law. And we here are beginning to fill up the gaps in our musical knowledge; and the very strangeness of much that is resuscitated for our benefit should lead us to suspect that many a chasm remains to be filled.

In considering the production of oratorio in New York we have to notice first the fact that the materials for the chorus though abundant can only be made efficient by rehearsals, to which many are unwilling to submit; and that the utmost enthusiasm of conductors and promoters is taxed to secure this preparation. Secondly, that we are without a suitable body of concert singers trained and accustomed to perform the solo parts; and, thirdly, as we have said, that the public detests oratorio. Under these circumstances it might not unnaturally be asked, why have oratorios at all? With opera successful, with fine orchestral music more and more understood, with popular concerts for the lazy, and negro minstrelsy for the stupid, and Sunday quartets for the respectable, why spend labor on music in another and less welcome form?

But we can no more dispense with the religious element in art than in life; religious music is the sister of religious poetry. Handel stands near Milton, and the *Psalms* themselves are not more sublime than some of the strains which they have inspired. John Ruskin says that when at the Reformation Christian Europe divided into two hostile camps, the Protestants rejected art and clung to religion, while the Catholics lost religion and held fast to art. In this statement the truth is stretched for the sake of the antithesis; for Luther himself made some enduring contributions to Protestant religious music, and was quickly followed—in Germany, at least—by writers of great repute; but it is true that until Handel, weary of composing vapid Italian operas for bickering singers and an ignorant public, weary yet more of dramatic situations and sentimental woes which found no echo in his masculine and earnest character, discovered

in the Protestant oratorio a field for his exalted genius, the Catholic Church had undoubtedly had the advantage over the various Protestant communions in the character of her music.

Ranké has given us a picturesque account of how, in the revival of Catholicism which followed the great schism, it was seriously mooted whether music should be banished from the churches—a story which makes a musician shudder to think what we might have lost—and how the noble service of *Palestrina*, composed for the occasion, melted all those warm Italian hearts and caused it to be unanimously decided that music was the choicest weapon of the Church for the salvation of Christendom. Using in her daily services chants and hymns which were probably in use in Pagan times, the Catholic Church has retained the services of the best intellects in music, as in so many other departments, from that day to this.

Nearly every great composer has written a mass, and it is much to be regretted that this large accumulation of lovely music should be so inaccessible as it is to the New York musical public. The mass is tender, devout, emotional, dramatic; the oratorio is solemn, earnest, denunciatory, lyrical—the true outcome of the Protestant spirit, and exemplifying in a wonderful manner the capacity of music to express all the facts and phases of life; for as in Protestant nations there is apparent a greater activity and power in the people, so in the oratorio the chorus plays the most important part.

## THE AMERICAN PRESS.

## NO. III.—COUNTRY PAPERS.

“PROVINCIAL” and “Metropolitan” are distinguishing terms which many of the newspapers that cannot lay claim to the latter regard with extreme disfavor. They take its appropriation by their contemporaries to their own exclusion as an arrogation of a superiority which they are indisposed to concede, and they seem inclined to evade the matter either by a different classification or by the use of some such euphemism as that by which the honest and significant name of “negro” has given place to “persons of color.” The feeling can only be regarded as a foolish one of false pride. So long as there are provincial communities living under different conditions and with different wants and interests from those of the inhabitants of the metropolis, so long the duty of making their newspapers must be an honorable and responsible one, and its efficient and conscientious discharge is as much to the editor's credit as if, with its different resources and exigencies, he were making a metropolitan paper of equal excellence in its different sphere. At any rate, the provincial editor who is ashamed of his occupation and wishes to make it appear like something it is really unlike, is pretty certainly unfit for it, and can no more succeed in it than Professor Longfellow could have pleased the world with his poems if he had spent his time and thoughts in resenting a belief that he is not a great historian like Macaulay. With this disclaimer of any invidious distinction between the terms, we may proceed, without reference to their comparative merits, to classify the newspapers of the country broadly as metropolitan and provincial, signifying by the former all that are published in New York; by the latter, all out of it.

New York newspapers differ essentially, in some respects, from those of other American cities. So much is this the case that one accustomed to learn from them each morning the history of the previous twenty-four hours will find himself hopelessly at fault when he makes his first attempt to do the same thing through the medium of journals even of such excellence as those of Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Sacramento. This is largely due to the fact that New York is the natural focus where all news, especially that from Europe, is collected, and whence only a portion of it can be transmitted for immediate publication elsewhere. Thus for comprehensiveness of information and minuteness of detail the metropolitan dailies are in some sense the sources of intelligence for the entire country, and are recognized as such by the leading journals of distant regions, which perforce content themselves with giving in epitome what these have already set forth in its fullness. In some degree, therefore, there is an unavoidable unsatisfactoriness about all provincial newspapers, viewed as records of current events, and whatever may be their literary merits, their soundness of judgement in political and social matters, their excellence in all else that makes a good newspaper, their news is invariably scrappy and, as it were, second-hand. Very frequently this evil is aggravated by a tendency, now happily declining, to allow news matter to fall into hopeless confusion. In the pa-

pers of Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, with but one exception in each, and of our other large cities, so far as we know, without exception, the arrangement of news appears to be left in the hands of the printers, and the result is a chaos of facts grouped without reference to chronological or other sequence. In the old-fashioned large-page this jumble is in a measure unavoidable, and the succession of editorials, correspondence, telegrams, local news, miscellany, advertisements, puffs, and other odds and ends which go toward the composition of a daily paper becomes absolutely bewildering. The thorough system and coherence which is attainable—not yet, perhaps, attained—by the metropolitan press, is beyond the reach of journals whose matter, coming from less dependable sources, so varies from day to day as to baffle calculation and provision. But intelligibility can always be secured. Perhaps the two papers outside of New York which give the clearest conception of passing events are the two which, for their position, devote least space to it—*The Springfield Republican* and *The Philadelphia Ledger*. They effect this by having no greater quantity of news than is sent their contemporaries, but by a thoroughness of system whereby their readers know how to turn at once to whatever news there may be, and by a rigid condensation that does not admit of a single wasted line. In no paper, home or foreign, with which we are acquainted is space used to better advantage than in these two. *The Ledger* is the advertising medium of Philadelphia, circulating as the cheap paper of the city in five out of every six dwellings in it, and with no space that it can afford to waste in “display-lines,” in the foolish telegrams manufactured for the purpose of “filling up,” or in anything not absolutely requisite to its readers; for the same reason its editorials and miscellany are admirably compact. *The Republican* has to reconcile the various difficulties of bringing within moderate compass what shall maintain its position in the various capacities of the family paper of New England, the informant of Yankees in all parts of the world of what is going on at their homes, and the leader of a school of politics that may be approximately designated as conservative-liberal. To satisfy these requirements it must have light reading and miscellany for the home circle, résumés of literary, religious, local, political, and general intelligence; the scope of its editorial writing must be as comprehensive as that of a New York daily, yet its space is far less. It is by sheer force of system and consciousness that all these features are combined in a manner which makes *The Republican* the model for provincial journals throughout the country. The journals of our cities and large towns form a subject by themselves, and we have dwelt upon the unique characteristics of those we have named merely as a preliminary to the general survey of the minor journals of limited local circulation.

A satisfactory estimate of the number and condition of country papers is difficult to form. There are altogether in the country about five thousand papers, inclusive of the several editions printed by many of them, or about four thousand offices whence papers are issued. Of these probably twenty-five hundred belong to the class of country papers circulating only in their respective states, often in only two or three counties. The proper sphere of such publications is not difficult to determine. They should give full accounts of all local events—county courts, public meetings, village societies, crops, improvements of all kinds, new roads, new houses built, all transactions in real estate—such accounts as shall enable their absent readers to keep fresh their knowledge of the condition of their homes and shall suffice to acquaint curious strangers with the resources and enterprise of places they have never seen. Beyond this, they should keep their home readers *au fait* in matters of state interest—public institutions and public works, legislative and political proceedings, improvements present and prospective, the subjects of attention in the various towns and sections of the state. They should further, in their capacity of family papers, provide market news for the farmers, and for them, their wives, and children general reading judiciously apportioned between the instructive and the amusing, neither becoming too heavy for their patience nor descending to the sentimental sensationalism of the flash weeklies or the records of crime of the police gazettes. Finally—for the limits of country journals will not admit, nor do the wants of people who read none others require, exhaustive news details—an account should be given of the leading events of the day in as condensed a form as is compatible with clearness and accuracy, say to the extent of one or two columns each week, not of disconnected scraps but of coherent narrative without comment. The items of this schedule may seem too obvious to need mention, but our acquaintance with country newspapers goes to show that in general the points on which we recommend fullness are nearly ig-



nored in favor of those we have alluded to as of minor importance.

The causes of the melancholy condition of the country press are innumerable, and we shall begin to detail them at what seems to be the beginning. First, then, a sufficiently large portion to constitute the typical village paper has fallen into the hands of three classes of men—aimless, spiritless ne'er-do-weels who, after essaying other occupations in vain and failing as storekeepers, schoolmasters, or itinerant ministers, have subsided into editing; docile factotums of aspiring politicians or political cliques, by whom they are provided with facilities for grinding the party axe in such manner as they please; or ambitious printers who "run" newspapers as tenders to their "job printing establishments." In any case, the representative editor is at best a half-educated man whose position inspires him not with a sense of its responsibility, but with an inflated self-importance that tempts him to handle subjects he is unable to grasp and use words and allusions of whose significance he is ignorant. The making a good paper is one of the things farthest from his thoughts or his capacity. Either he wishes to get as much return from it as possible with the least expenditure of money and trouble, or he is singly bent upon political propaganda or the nursing of his printing business, and leaves the paper to take care of itself, content if after saying what he wishes to say he can fill it with words enough, it matters little what, to complete its pages. There are papers which one may scan vainly week after week in quest of an original line, and whose columns are mere repositories for puffs and meaningless scissorings. There are others which open with ponderous leading articles transferred entire from city journals and entirely inapplicable in their new setting, or with not less ponderous ones whose fallacies and inconsequential vulgarity are conclusive of their originality. Of this class is that dreariest of journalistic monstrosities—the country political paper. This usually has in progress a "controversy" with some "vile and filthy sheet," and devotes columns of gross and puerile abuse to its demolition, or to the maintenance of prejudices and tenets long since exploded and only lingering in the sluggish recesses of the unenlightened rustic mind. The remainder of the sheet will be filled with stray paragraphs of eulogy upon its own partisans or of forgotten slanders and misrepresentations of its opponents, occasionally supplemented by the congressional speech of "our distinguished representative" or an election tirade by "our gifted townsman." Little better than this actively offensive class is another, whose chief characteristic is colorless vacuity. Its chronicle of local events deals with precisely those which are of no importance—eggs and vegetables and cattle of surpassing bigness, storms whose like has not been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant, tradesmen's signs of unparalleled splendor, eloquent examination essays by the "scholars" of the village boarding-school, laudations of shopkeepers' enterprise evidently written or inspired by the shopkeepers themselves—but nothing that leaves its home readers wiser than before or acquaints those abroad with anything beyond the utter insipidity of a community content with this literary diet. The other departments will be, if possible, worse; a column of "Wit and Wisdom" older than Joe Miller, another of the travelling items which have mostly months before been shown to be false in fact, a poem or two by village poets who are likened to Tennyson to the laureate's disadvantage—Swinburne having not as yet been heard of—and the remainder a pure muddle of murders, robberies, love stories, and corrupting bosh—the whole recalling the Paris editor's explanation whence he got his intelligence: "From the newspapers." "Where do the newspapers get it?" "From other newspapers." "But who is the first author of it?" "Nobody."

Bad as such papers are, one who has ever seen the progress of their manufacture can hardly find it in his heart to blame the poor editor. The writer once found himself in a village whose weekly sheet he was familiar with and in which occasionally appeared brief editorial articles whose pointed common sense was so strikingly at variance with the general calibre that it seemed worth while to make a visit to the sanctum for the solution of the anomaly. Sanctum, printing-office, and press-room were all compressed into a single loft. There the editor, amid cobwebs, litter, and a scanty pile of "exchanges" which included *The Tribune* as the sole paper of value, wrote whatever was to be written—advertisements for illiterate applicants, puffs, obituary notices, and what local news he found time to gather—and then, assisted only by a small boy, put it in type himself, made up the paper, printed its four hundred copies on a hand-press, "distributed" its type to be set up again for the other side of the sheet, folded, directed, mailed or personally

delivered the paper to its village subscribers. Such evidence might amply account for all shortcomings, but there were other difficulties no less formidable. Of his four hundred copies, the editor said, many went to people who had not paid their subscriptions for years, and he could not discontinue them without endangering the amount already due, while he had to find the means of making cash payments to the paper dealers. He knew the paper was not as good as it ought to be, but, in the first place, he had no time to devote to its preparation, and next, his subscribers included men of both parties and he had to preserve strict neutrality, evading all topics which might give offence to either, and thereby acquiring the hearty sympathy of none. Very few people in the village advertised, and when they did they preferred the paper of the neighboring town, whose circulation in the village almost equalled his own; and of the advertisements in the paper a large part were "dead"—that is, had exceeded the time for which they were ordered, and were inserted without expectation of payment in order to fill space—while many more were taken from advertising agents largely below the proper rates, and often payable in goods worthless to himself and which he disposed of at a still further discount. It was only by dint of his "jobbing," he added, that he managed to live, and sometimes the demands it made upon him were such that he could do little for the paper, while, if he stopped the latter, his other business would decline.

Such a case as this is, no doubt, an extreme one; but it is very far from being single, and is not essentially worse than the condition of some hundreds of papers. Even where the editor is not his own printer, his lot is far from an enviable one. He is almost invariably the village drudge, who must endure uncomplainingly what most men would not endure at all. His time is engrossed to a far greater degree than that of other men, yet his office is made the lounging-place of thoughtless busybodies, ignorant of the value of time, who drop in to look through his papers, to see how he's gettin' on, to advise him how to conduct his paper, what causes he should advocate and what abuses he should expose. An hour to himself is a thing on which he can never certainly count, and amid an increasing round of annoying interruptions faithful, effective work is impossible. A still greater evil arises from the vagueness of popular ideas on the reciprocal duties of newspapers and the public. Newspapers, argue one of the classes that embitter the life of the village editor, owe it to the public to further every good work; newspapers should take cognizance of every matter of interest to their readers. Accordingly, they exact from the editor, whose poverty is abject, gratuitous services of every description, presenting the subject as "a matter of news" and explaining to him, if he demurs, his duty in the premises. Thus, some labor-saving invention is likely to be greatly beneficial to the poor, and, on grounds of charity as well as public spirit, the editor owes it to society to give it notoriety; so, benevolent, religious, and political organizations, though composed of comparatively wealthy individuals, expect laborious gratuitous services on public grounds; the same is the argument for prolix obituary resolutions of no possible interest beyond a very limited circle; and the rustic requires on the score of his being a subscriber the free publication, "as a matter of news," of a marriage or death notice which it costs the publisher about as much to put into type as the yearly subscription, if paid, amounts to. In a word, the editor must be liberal and large-minded while all with whom he has to deal are close-fisted and narrow. His power to give publicity through his paper has been laboriously and expensively acquired, and is so thoroughly a piece of business property that it were no more unreasonable to demand of him five dollars from his scanty purse than to ask him to do without return that whence his livelihood is derived. That is, people who would bitterly resent an imputation that they had in any way forfeited their independence are habitually guilty of pertinacious beggary from men much poorer than themselves; and so thoroughly has this pervaded society that we find it participated in not only by respectable organizations of all kinds and by railroad and steamboat companies, which know that an editor will rather advertise their time-tables at rates by which he is a loser than drive his readers to look for the information in another paper, but even the governments of most of the states and the post-office authorities of the United States are guilty of the same petty exactions, offering their public printing at unremunerative rates, relying on its acceptance partly on the score of the honor of a designation as the official paper, partly on that of the presumed general interest in the matter advertised. The government, we should add, is guilty of a still further meanness that weighs heavily on the slender resources of country publishers, by habit-

ual and protracted disregard of its obligations, an instance of which we saw recently in the case of a bill for \$13 rendered for public advertising done in a country paper in the spring of 1865, and which after two years' delay was returned with a deduction of several dollars and the first of the signatures necessary to its payment.

It is, after all, in the matter of their advertising patronage that local papers are most surrounded with troubles. Rustic communities are not greatly addicted to advertising, and, when it becomes necessary, usually do it in a niggardly manner, while much that is properly of this character is worried into gratuitous insertion in the manner we have described. But the little editor receives from the small shopkeepers who are his chief local patrons constitutes a heavy lien upon his independence. It is tacitly, if not explicitly, understood that the advertiser has a permanent claim upon the good services of the paper, that he is to receive not only many times the value of what he pays in the form of fulsome adulation and puffery, but immunity to do what he pleases, and that the utterance of any unpleasant truths or of anything that may be construed to the disadvantage of him or his business will be followed by instantaneous withdrawal of his advertisement. Thereby the editor, the theoretic guardian of the public interests, becomes subservient to people who, in some of the multifarious capacities which the small tradesmen class engross in country towns, are hostile to them, and he is effectually silenced on many of the most important subjects that come within his cognizance. But the bulk of his advertising is from abroad, and usually has an amusing history of its own which we can only trace in brief. There is a class of advertisements to be found in most provincial newspapers—patent medicines, household and agricultural implements, perfumery, cosmetics, articles of dress, and nondescript things in endless variety. Most of these are received through advertising agents, a varied community that is by no means to be disposed of in one sweeping censure, since it embraces several fair-dealing firms whose customers on either hand unite in their praises, but which includes a larger proportion by whom the wretched publisher is grievously afflicted. From such firms are sent advertisements with an authorization to print them at from one-third to one-half of the published rates, frequently on the further condition that payment shall be taken in due-bills for commodities of some kind. The editor, glad to fill his columns in any wise, accepts the offer, prints the advertisement, on its expiration renders his bill, and learns that the promised due-bills will be sent him when the agents shall have received from him a commission of twenty-five per cent. in cash upon the nominal price of the advertisement. In other words, the publisher on doing the amount of advertising which he offers for \$100, becomes entitled to half that sum, and, on paying a commission of \$12 50, receives a due-bill for goods marked at \$50 (whose real cost may be anywhere from \$10 to \$30) which he is glad to dispose of to some trader at half price, making his net receipts for the hundred dollars' worth of work amount to from \$10 to \$15. This is almost a gratuity on his part, but he is asked to do advertising of other kinds with still less return. Sometimes it comes in the form of what is apparently an editorial article or a description of some enterprise of great public moment, which in the dearth of readable novelties he prints. Oftener it consists of enthusiastic puffs of various publications which "exchange" with him in consideration of his advertising them to a much greater amount than their subscription price and then send him, in the form of weekly or monthly printed eulogies, what amounts in the year to as much more. We cannot further detail the inflictions under which the country papers groan. But enough has been said to afford a clue to the disadvantages of an occupation in which men suffer themselves to be employed in everybody's behalf and contribute to everybody's gain, except their own.

Theoretically, the plan of extrication is simple enough. The editor can command success by giving his paper sufficient excellence. Let him, by studying good models and using his space to the best advantage in the manner we have indicated earlier in this article, render his paper a necessity to the people of the region in which it is published. Thus it will secure a sure local circulation in every family of its region, which must be followed by remunerative advertising and consequent independence. But the practical obstacles to such a course are very great and very numerous. They are due primarily to the same inordinate multiplication which we noted as the cause of the feebleness of the Episcopal press. The excessive competition of half-a-dozen newspapers struggling for a livelihood wherever there is room for one has demoralized editors, advertisers, and the public alike. If the editor makes a stand for what is his due, recourse is



had to rivals ready to underbid him by whatever means. If he demands proper payment for his advertising it is taken to some one who will do it cheaper and he is left with none; if he declines to have his duties interrupted by every gossiping lounger it is attributed to hauteur, and his popularity and that of his journal is destroyed; if he demands prompt payment it is taken in dudgeon; if he pursues an independent course in any local or general issue there is a defection among his readers to a sheet of less principle and more ready of compliance; if he refuses to lend his own to venal purposes a hundred expedients can be employed to break it down or exalt its rival. This state of things has tended inevitably to the deterioration of the country press and of the class of men who are willing to work upon it.

We believe a cure is not impossible. If attainable at all, it must be by means of the Editorial Associations which, originated, we believe, in New Jersey, have now been established in most of the Northern and Western States. As yet, these associations have by no means exerted their full power. They have afforded annual or semi-annual occasions for editors to dine together, indulge in mutual-admiration speeches, glorify their profession, condole over their common grievances, and do little practically calculated to improve their condition. To most of them at present the simple fact of being an editor is a title to membership. The respectability and excellence of his newspaper should be made a qualification, and the censure of the association should follow surely any editorial immoralities. Then the associations should be instrumental in suppressing the abuses to which we have alluded and in educating public sentiment in the matter. Their revision of advertising rates, their censures and exclusion from the business within their states of advertising agents guilty of the practices we have described, their endorsement of upright and reliable firms, their combined action against gratuitous advertising of all kinds, their official representation to the state and national governments of the oppressiveness of the management of the public printing and the corrupt manner in which it is often bestowed—by these and similar measures that come legitimately under their cognizance the associations could do a vast deal to elevate the tone and ameliorate the condition of the country press, and gradually to place it in the hands of a new order of men. It is through the want of all such associate action that the country to-day is flooded with so many wretched sheets which are not worth the paper whereon they are printed, which are yet able, by diverting subscribers, to prevent a worthy enterprise from gaining a constituency sufficient to ensure its success, and which, by the coarseness and ignorance of the men employed upon them, drive better ones from the profession. Amid this pitiful and almost ludicrous prostitution of the press it is reassuring to take up, as one may here and there, from the piles of exchanges in any large newspaper offices, little sheets which are printed in unheard-of villages yet combine many of the excellences that should mark a country journal. All are, and must be, oppressed by the advertising abuses we have mentioned until a combined and resolute stand be taken against them; but it is seldom that a local newspaper which deserves well of its neighborhood fails in time to acquire the influence and esteem, and consequently the pecuniary return and command of the advertising market, it deserves. Such a journal—knowing well its region, confining itself to its legitimate domain, treating exhaustively all that comes within it, not wasting its strength on matters foreign to it and better handled by contemporaries which make a specialty of them—must not only have a position of respectability and usefulness, but one in which no competition of the great metropolitan or provincial press can arise to dislodge it from its circulation. That the purity of the tone of the country press and its emancipation from all improper influences is a matter of grave social concern, has not been duly felt. Those who have watched in vain for indications of a general improvement may reasonably, we think, console themselves with the reflection that the abuses to which we have adverted must inevitably have shown themselves at some time or other in the career of the press and are quite sure ultimately to correct themselves, and then the management of our rural contemporaries will become settled on a more established and reassuring basis.

#### DAY DREAMS.

GAYLY the smoke-wreaths are floating  
Up thro' the still summer air,  
Every white spiral denoting  
Truce with beleaguering care;  
And as at leisure reclining  
Dreamily upwards I gaze,

Lo! how the sun is designing,  
Deftly designing,  
Visions of light in the haze!

Palaces, golden and amber,  
As by enchantment arise,  
On whose broad stairways upclamber  
Swiftly my thoughts to the skies,  
Colonnades unintermitting,  
Corridors endless and vast,  
From whose far vistas are flitting,  
Ceaselessly flitting,  
Shadowy shapes of the past;

Chapels dim-lighted and solemn,  
Grand old manorial halls,  
Armor that rusts on each column,  
Pennons that droop from the walls,  
Courts with ethereal fountains  
Casting the semblance of showers,  
Battlements towering like mountains,  
Cloud-cleaving mountains,  
Terraces star-sown with flowers;

Gardens all blooming like Aidenns,  
Fairer than that one of old  
Where the Hesperidan maidens  
Guarded the apples of gold,  
Silvery streamlets thro' meadows  
Dancing like sunbeams away,  
Forests whose time-deepened shadows,  
Leaf-latticed shadows,  
Baffle the curious day.

And in all scenes of the vision,  
Straying in sunshine and shade,  
Blithely thro' every transition  
Wander a youth and a maid.  
Mine is the face of the lover;  
Hers half averted with art,  
Vainly I strive to discover,  
Yearn to discover—  
Canst thou not guess it, my heart?

So in succession unceasing  
Ever the pictures advance,  
Ever with wonder increasing  
Gaze I as one in a trance.  
Till the sweet spell to disaveer  
Softly the tree-tops are swayed,  
And at a whisper of Zephyr,  
Mischievous Zephyr,  
Swiftly my fantasies fade.

Still float the smoke-wreaths around me,  
Still smiles upon me the sun,  
But the enchantment that bound me  
Now is dissolved and undone.  
And—I confess it sad-hearted—  
All the bright hopes they awoke  
Seem, like those day dreams departed,  
Too soon departed,  
Destined to vanish in smoke.

D. A. C.

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to the office.

#### THE PAPACY.\*

BOOKS upon the various features of the Roman Church from both Protestant and Roman sources are likely to become more numerous in the coming years. As our Roman Catholic population grows more intelligent, it will become necessary to teach them more profoundly and publicly the dogmas of their own communion; while the increase of numbers which is sure to come largely from an increase in the population within the fold will make it necessary for the various Protestant communions to teach their adherents what Romanism is. It will be a happy thing for the cause of the truth if the books which may be written contain the exact statement of what an opponent's teaching is. We are very firmly persuaded that the Papal divines make bad work when they try to state the positive teaching of Protestants, and are as firmly convinced that a large share of the opposition to Romanism is vulgar prejudice. In their affirmative teaching probably all the different religious communions in our country have a great many things in common, and could things be explained without passion or prejudice all Christians would probably shake hands with friendly feeling. Such a view has often led enthusiasts to indulge

\* *The Papacy: Its Historic Origin and Primitive Relations with the Eastern Churches.* By the Abbé Guettée, D.D. With an Introduction by A. Cleveland Cox, Bishop of Western New York. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.

in the hope of Christian unity, the most hopeless of all hopeless hopes. There is no indication that Christian unity can ever be realized. On the one hand, the Papal demands yearly become more imperative in entire submission to the Pope as the centre of unity; and, on the other, there is no prospect of any permanent unity among Protestants, because the only principle on which Protestants are entirely agreed is the right to disagree. If there is any hope of unity at all, the Episcopal Church, being the medium between the two extremes, having on the one hand the catholicism of Rome and on the other the individuality of Protestantism, presents the only basis of unity; but even this body will have to become far more consolidated and homogeneous before such a work can be successfully undertaken.

Since, then, Christian unity is not very near, it is a good thing to look into the history of various religious bodies to see what are their just claims; and since Rome is evidently determined to control this continent, it becomes the bounden duty of every person of intelligence to acquaint himself with her claims. This cannot be done entirely by the use of Protestant books; nor can Roman authorities be implicitly trusted. It is hard work to enter the inner circle of religious feeling of a Roman Catholic, and so truth can be known only relatively. It demands, too, an amount of reading which is immense. Most persons have to take their knowledge of these matters at second-hand. It becomes important, therefore, to consult trustworthy authorities, and to gain a firm grasp of leading principles. There are three points on which the Roman Church is now severely pressed, and they are the real *crux* to Protestants: the Papal Supremacy, the *cultus* of the Virgin Mary, and the abuse of the confessional by the teachings of St. Alfonso de Liguori. Much as we may admire the system, the ardor, the devotion, the apparent sincerity and piety of Roman Christians, here are points which a mind that has become acquainted with the simple teachings of the primitive Church staggers at. These are not, of course, objections to Romanists. They have been bred in this system and do not see them. But they are points of the greatest importance, and points which the Roman Church insists upon most strongly. Speaking plainly, they are at the bottom of the corruptions of medieval and modern Romanism. They need to be carefully explained and exposed not only because they are corruptions themselves, but because they are closely connected with the true Catholicity which Rome has inherited in common with the apostolic churches.

Now, a work on any of these topics, coming with authority from one whose opportunities have made him acquainted with his subject and who can be trusted, is especially welcome at the present time. *The Papacy* is such a volume. It is a scholarly work. It was written by one who has, until lately, been a priest of the Roman obedience, and who was deprived of his orders simply because he discovered and at length taught that the reasons alleged for the maintenance of the Papal supremacy were perversions of historical truth. The Abbé Guettée, the author of *The History of the Church of France*, was born and bred and for many years was a priest in the Church of Rome. He had an early fondness for historical subjects and thorough investigation, and the Roman authorities recognized in him one of the rising lights in the Gallican Church; but his history was too favorable to the Church of France, and he was subjected to suspicion. This led him to enquire more deeply into the asserted deficiencies of his work and to more exhaustive study. Then persecution was increased, and with it his knowledge of the Papacy and its earlier history increased. His doubts became confirmed. The Papal party was unyielding, and, finally, the Archbishop of Paris refused him permission to say mass, which was equivalent to taking away his orders. Thus, with no offence in the world but a refusal to endorse the claims of the modern Papacy, he was thrust out of the Church of Rome. He was a Catholic still in all his convictions, and his change in views was not the result of prejudice, but of honest conviction. He then went over the whole ground carefully from the beginning, exhausting the subject by a careful study in his own chosen department of all the materials for the church history of the first eight centuries. The result is the present volume, in which he proves the Papacy guilty of schism. The method pursued in this work is the careful collation of proof from different representative historical documents in each age, and the object in hand is to ascertain what was the position of the Church of Rome at the several periods. Of course, the reader is at the mercy of the author in such an investigation; but his documents can be judged independently of his own conclusions, and if there be an evident fairness and temperateness in his method, you may rely upon his work with considerable



confidence. The Abbé Guettée has this fair, straightforward, unobtrusive method. He uses argument, not declamation. He gains the confidence of his readers. His writing is all the stronger because he is not a Protestant.

We turn now to a brief statement of the chief points in the volume. The abbé limits his work to the history of the first eight centuries before the separation of East and West. He comes down to the rise of modern theories of Papal sovereignty, and the two conclusions at which he arrives are that the Bishop of Rome did not for eight centuries possess the authority of *divine* right which he has since sought to exercise, and that the pretension of the Bishop of Rome to the sovereignty of *divine rights* over the whole Church was the real cause of the division. He goes first to the Scriptures. Among many texts which are examined the famous one, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church," is the most significant. The abbé makes the rock to mean Christ, and Peter to have received his name because of his open confession of Christ's divinity. The Church, therefore, was to be built upon the fact that Christ was the Son of God, not upon any personal authority imparted to Peter. That he had only a primacy among, not a supremacy over, his fellow-apostles, is admirably shown. The next step is to show that the fathers and bishops during the first eight centuries have given to Holy Scripture this interpretation. He proves that in the beginning of the primitive Church the Bishops of Rome had no higher position than the Bishops of Jerusalem, Alexandria, or Antioch. The letter of Clement and the Quarto-deciman controversy (the time of celebrating Easter) prove this. The only origin, therefore, of the influence of the Bishop of Rome was in the importance of his see. In the West, even, he did not possess any universal authority. It was as bishop of the capital of the Roman Empire, the centre of the civilized world, that he had any authority beyond that of other bishops. He next examines the writings of St. Cyprian on unity and shows that, while recognizing St. Peter as the type of unity, he was in a special controversy with Stephen, then Bishop of Rome, in which he treated Stephen only as an equal. It is seen that it is the Bishop of Carthage who influences and guides the Bishop of Rome; and this stands out especially in the schism of Novatus. This in very brief outline is the substance of the argument for the first three centuries. It shows that the Bishops of Rome had only such influence in ecclesiastical affairs as was necessarily derived from the dignity and importance of their see, the only one in the West generally regarded as apostolic.

The Council of Nicaea, A.D. 325, is the next point of interest. At that council the custom which had prevailed at Rome, of exercising a certain authority over the *suburbicarian* churches, was granted to the Bishop of Alexandria. In both cases it was a *limited* district, and the authority was based on *usage*. The Bishop of Rome was also recognized as having a primacy of honor, because he was the bishop of the imperial city. The usage grew out of the position of Rome as the chief metropolis. The author examines the successive councils, and finds in them all that the Bishop of Rome had no general power beyond a primacy of *honor*. The general councils were the supreme ecclesiastical authority. He next examines the case of the Donatists, proving that they did not appeal to Rome; next, the case of St. John Chrysostom, to establish the same point. Another point made from the writings of the fathers, Eusebius, Irenæus, and Tertullian, is that the Apostle Peter did not found the Church of Rome. It was founded by St. Paul, who established the episcopate in the person of Linus. St. Hilary, St. Epiphanius, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Cyril, Origen, St. Augustine, St. Basil of Cæsarea, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome all bear witness to a primacy, but to no general authority, whether derived from the Apostle Peter or from the usages of the Church.

The history of the Papacy in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries is a struggle between Rome and Constantinople. The emperor residing at Constantinople granted prerogatives to the bishops of that see which aroused the jealousy of those at Rome, and made the Roman bishops arrogant and self-assertive. This tended to make Rome careful to put forth spiritual prerogatives to balance her loss of temporal position. This led to the foundation of the supremacy of the modern Papacy. This foundation was based upon the authority imparted to Peter, upon the usage of the Church, upon the former position of Rome as the reigning city, and upon the gradual rise in the West of political power and the prerogative to control it demanded by the Pope, and upon the false Decretals. The examination of the author's argument in this section of his work would lead us beyond our limits, but he shows throughout that the sovereign pontificate, which was first boldly asserted and assumed by Adrian I., grew out of the ambition of the popes, and

came from no power granted by the Church at large. At the close of the eighth century the Eastern Church, in consequence of quarrels, was a good deal severed from that of Rome and the West, though all intercourse was not broken off. Attempts were made to restore unity, but they failed. The divergence became constantly more radical. The addition of the *Filioque* to the Nicene Creed became a new barrier. It was condemned as an error by the Eastern Church, and finally taken up and asserted and defended by the Church of Rome. The great demand of this Church was the complete submission of the Eastern Church to the Papacy as the centre of unity, and the introduction of the Latin Church in the East with attempts to subvert the Apostolic Church in those countries. Here were two Catholic Churches opposed to each other. The Papacy had invaded the Eastern Church, disobeyed the general councils, and was guilty of schism. From and after the ninth century it attempted to impose, in the name of God, upon the universal Church a yoke unknown to the first eight centuries, and has been the first to take the lead in the schisms which have so fearfully rent the seamless robe of the Church of Christ.

Such is the outline of the abbé's work. We have read it carefully, and that is no easy task, and we do not see where he has not made good every assertion. He has made the way so clear that any scholar can go over the same ground for himself, and the Church of Rome can refute the work if it is not true. Aside from its great value as an argument against the Papacy, its use as an ecclesiastical history is not to be ignored. It should have many readers, and should be read by none more carefully than by those who, disgusted with Protestantism, look somewhat hopefully to Rome. It is to this point that Bishop Doane used to direct the attention of persons who came to him with disturbed minds, and it was a successful antidote. If it cured in the days of the Tractarians, it can certainly do so in these days of a popular but really namby-pamby ritualism. This use Bishop Cox, under whose auspices the work has been presented to the American public, seems to recognize. It is hard and slow reading, but considering the peculiar state and future of our times, we know of few books which will better repay the time spent upon them.

#### MR. OSBORN'S COMEDIES.\*

"THE faintest shadow of the comic," said Mr. Osborn in the notes to *Virginia*, "I deem out of place in a tragedy." And to do him justice his practice squares with his precept: his published tragedies are not disfigured by the slightest suspicion of humor. In a previous article we doubted the correctness of Mr. Osborn's theory, but ventured to hope that the pent-up drollery which in his tragedies he had so ruthlessly and painfully repressed would find in his comedies free vent and ample development. For his very solicitude led us to believe that there was in the man a prodigious fund of latent humor; we fancifully portrayed it to ourselves as some mountain torrent, when "Spring with dewy fingers" has unlocked its icy fetters, leaping resistlessly and gladly on its foamy way; practically speaking, we prepared to be uproariously merry, we loosened a button in our vest, we sat down in imagination to a feast of humor and flow of wit. Well, we have read *The Silver Head* and *The Double Deceit* and we feel very much as the Khalendeer must have felt after the banquet of the Barmecides. We feel as though we must have been enjoying ourselves immensely, as though we ought to be supremely grateful to Mr. Osborn for his entertainment. We have seated ourselves, as it were, at a table whereon was abundance of plates and pitchers and glassware, all the apparatus of a sumptuous repast, but nothing more substantial, no trace of meat or wine. We are looking about somewhat uneasily for the servant who shall bring them in, when lo! our host bids us fall to so cheerily, and falls to himself with such hearty good will, that we are fain, with some bewilderment, to follow his example and gorge ourselves on airy victual. We see him help himself so gravely to dish after dish, we hear him press on us with such kindly insistence this delicious cate or that dainty viand that despite ourselves we are speedily surfeited with sweets, and are glad to cry, Enough! Yet when we have risen from the genial board, when we have shut the book, when we no longer see Mr. Osborn's hospitable visage beaming on us from his place of honor in the notes, when we cease to hear his cheery voice pointing out the delicacies he has provided in our honor, we experience a marvellous return of appetite and relish our bit of lamb, let us say, as though we had not been feasted so royally. Once free from the glamour of Mr. Osborn's presence we feel—and we are ready to quar-

rel with ourselves for feeling it—the slightest possible tinge of disappointment, the faintest possible suspicion that perhaps he has not dared to be as funny as he can. Indeed, an ill-natured critic—and the majority of critics, we fear, are ill-natured,—an ill-natured critic might say that Mr. Osborn's long and studied repression of his humor has had the effect which forced inactivity of any faculty usually produces—has numbed it, deadened it, so to speak, as prolonged disuse of one's native tongue will sometimes end in entire forgetfulness. Mr. Osborn, he might tell us, has become so accustomed to the stately language of Melpomene that he finds himself unable to fashion the sprightlier accents of Thalia. His twelve tragedies have proved too much for his seven comedies. Malignity might even go so far as to suggest that between his tragedies and comedies there is no essential difference at all, except in the accident of their terminations, the chance that his heroes may or may not survive the dreary wilderness of blank-verse through which the author unfeelingly drags them. The only wonder is, this dyspeptic grumbler might continue, that so many of them do survive—that Mr. Osborn is able to have any comedies at all! But these peevish aspersions we can easily and triumphantly refute. We have only to point to that fine stroke of wit in Act iv., Sc. 2, of *The Silver Head*, where Oscar Ferguson tells Meddleham,

"—we want no meddlers here,  
Whether their hams be *Middle hams* or *Meddles*;"

or the rare fantastic humor of Oscar's invocation to the stars, Act v., Sc. 2:

"Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,  
As writes some great ass—Byron, I believe—  
Though one and all, comprised the planets seven,  
Look more like fish-scales shining through a sieve;"

or the delicate irony wherewith the same personage, who is decidedly the wit as well as the heavy villain of the play, makes his scornful final exit, Act v., Sc. 3:

"[Turns to Manfred.]—Pray don't forget the Muses—  
nor to add . . .

Cupid and Psyche to your classic groups.

"Sir II. (who has been regarding him with more and more indignation)—

Or say, have Power to cut him Satan, sneering

Over the joys of Adam with his Eve.

"Osc. (bowing to Sir II.)

Adam had no fool-uncle, I believe,"—

we have only to point to such passages as these to prove that Mr. Osborn has a correct appreciation of the demands of comedy, that he is of those who believe "a goak is sometimes not out of place in a comic paper." To be sure it may be objected that these are not very good jokes; and indeed we must admit, in the words of Lamb's cautious approval of Barry Cornwall, that "Ben Jonson has said worse things (possibly) and (certainly) b.b.-better." *Mais, que voulez-vous?* A joke is a joke, and if we are unable to detect the more subtle strokes of our author's satire, we should not blame him for our stupidity. We should remember that critics are, according to competent authority, only half-educated idiots at best, whom the author is not bound to furnish with brains to comprehend him.

Yet with all our disposition to do Mr. Osborn justice, to ascribe all shortcomings rather to ourselves than to him, we are dimly conscious that there is something wanting, that his comedies are not exactly all our fancy painted them or that we wish to believe them. We fear it must be conceded that neither *The Silver Head* nor *The Double Deceit* is altogether so brilliant as that comedy of Sheridan's which Byron pronounced the best in the language; we are apprehensive that very few of our enterprising managers would venture to put either on the stage, or if they did, they would probably repeat it in sackcloth and ashes. Why this is so it would not be easy to say. In outward appearance these comedies are like most other comedies; the acts are properly divided into scenes wherein various characters come and go and talk considerably, sometimes swear and occasionally fight; the heavy villains are a great deal heavier and more villanous, the old men a great deal older, the lovers very much spoonier, and the walking-gentlemen more incessant walkers than in any other comedy we ever had the pleasure to see or read or hear of. Yet somehow they fail to excite that unflagging interest we feel in *London Assurance* or *The Rivals*; despite that amazing fidelity to nature which Mr. Osborn shows in his delineation of Baltimore society, where as everybody knows conversation in the best circles is chiefly conducted in blank-verse, with occasional divergences into rhyme, we fear *The Silver Head* if produced to-morrow on the metropolitan stage would yield in attractiveness to either *The Black Crook* or the Japanese jugglers. Not for want of interest in the plot; constructiveness is not Mr. Osborn's weak point, and the plot of *The Silver Head* is very fairly evolved, though its five acts might be ju-

\* *The Silver Head, The Double Deceit: Comedies.* By Laughton Osborn. New York: M. Doolady. 1867.



deliciously boiled down into three. We will sketch it briefly: Manfred Ferguson falling absurdly in love with Helen Mattison, a poor seamstress employed in the house of his uncle, Sir Harry Ferguson, is egged on by his brother Oscar to seduce her, to the end that his indignant uncle may disown him and install Oscar in his place of favorite and heir apparent. Manfred, carried away by passion, despite the sage counsels of his friend Theodore Vincent, a charming combination of the bore and prig, and his cousin Sybil Vernon, persuades Helen to consent to an assignation; but waiting for her at her father's door, sees his *Silver Head* through a chink in the shutters, is smitten by remorse and marries her. Sir Harry, of course, storms, relents, and blesses them in approved histrionic style, on the opportune interference of Ralph Meddleham, the familiar returned Californian, who proves Helen to be of gentle birth, distantly allied to Sir Harry, and makes her, moreover, heir to his fabulous wealth. Oscar is ignominiously kicked down stairs, Sybil and Vincent pensively consent to make each other happy, and the curtain drops on a grand tableau of villany foiled, virtue triumphant, blue fire, and bliss. The materials are not new and many of the scenes are superfluous, but the plot is in the main worked out with considerable skill. The fault lies chiefly in the dialogue, which, if the author were not Mr. Osborn, we should say was extremely rapid and dull; as it is, we fear it displays too much of that art which consists in hiding art—its wit is entirely too subtle for ordinary apprehension. What we like best about the play is the skill with which the author introduces himself every now and then to explain the situation, after the manner of the ancient Greek chorus, in a sort of Pindaric-Whitmanish metre like this:

"They move diagonally  
Across the scene, arm in arm; and Oscar,  
At the moment, comes out from his hiding-place, and  
follows  
Them cautiously, yet near enough to hear  
The final words" (Act iii., Sc. 3).

This is very fine. Indeed, the choruses contain some of the best poetry in the book. Here is another which is quite touching in its pathos:

"He already holds her hand  
In his left hand, and at these expressions of endearment,  
Each of which is tenderer in tone than the one that precedes it,  
He passes his right arm round her waist,  
And presses her to him."

*The Double Deceit* has all the beauties and blemishes of its companion comedy. The plot, as the author states in a note, is founded on the *XVth Novel* of Bandello, who has furnished inspiration to many a dramatist before. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, Much *Ado about Nothing* and *Twelfth Night*, Massinger's *Picture*, Fletcher's *Maid of the Mill* and *Triumph of Death*, Marston's *Wonder of Women*, and mad Nat. Lee's *Sophonissa* are among those which owe their arguments to the joyous Bishop of Agen. The story of *The Double Deceit* has been already dramatized in Marston's *Invidious Countess*, of which it forms the under-plot, the main one being taken from the *IVth Novel* of Bandello. This is a mean production, however, a contemptible compound of filth and fustian which Marston's admirers have been fain to father on some obscure scribbler named William Barksted, and to which Mr. Osborn's comedy is every way superior. The story, which is drawn with all Bandello's customary warmth of coloring and closely followed in the play, is briefly this: Two Venetian gentlemen at feud and hating each other with a proper Venetian hatred marry two bosom friends and straightway fall in love with each other's wives, who, acting in concert, to teach them a lesson, pretend encouragement and appoint a meeting in their respective boudoirs. Their houses adjoining, they simply exchange rooms and each receives her errant husband in the dark. In the meantime the Doge's nephew, Aloise Foscari, attempting to scale the balcony of the handsome widow Gismonda Moro, of whom he is enamored, falls and is sorely wounded, but to save her honor drags himself as far as the doorsteps of one of our amorous spouses, where he is found by the captain of the watch. He, like a vigilant guardian, straightway arrests the two *Husband-Lovers*, who are charged with the supposed murder and clapped into jail, their wives meanwhile escaping under cover of the night to their respective homes. Of course it is a nine days' wonder in Venice that the two inveterate foes should be caught under such suspicious circumstances in each other's bedchambers; but the hapless gentlemen themselves, mad with shame and rage at the apparent frailty of their wives, desire only death, and, making friends in their extremity, agree to accuse themselves of Foscari's murder. He meanwhile recovers and, still con-

cerned for his mistress's honor, proclaims that his wounds were received in an attempt to rob her dwelling. On a similar touching incident, it may be remembered, hinges the interest of the *Dangerous Game* acted at Wallack's last winter. Affairs look rather complicated, when the three women who have caused all the mischief opportunely step in to undo it, and everything is explained satisfactorily to everybody. Here, again, the plot is far better than the dialogue, which is characterized by a certain placid diffuseness that, in another writer, we might be tempted to call prolix stupidity. Occasionally Mr. Osborn seems to become faintly conscious of this, and to make feeble attempts at condensation by omitting a line here and there for (as he cheerfully remarks) the stage; but his efforts might very judiciously be extended, and the farther the better. For instance, if, as we have said of *The Silver Head*, the five acts were boiled down into three, the three strained into one, and the one carefully evaporated, the improvement might seem, to a "cavilling disposition," perceptible and immense. As it is, the play drags in places. The best scene is, perhaps, the third of the second act, where Gismonda's maid tries to persuade her to receive Aloise in her balcony. The soliloquy with which it begins is unusually good, especially the lines,

"Ah, Aloise! Aloise! here,  
Here, here already all the words of love  
That thou canst send me in my brain are stirring."

The same exuberant wit which we found in the other comedy runs riot also in this. The following example will, doubtless, suffice; the italics mark the joke:

"Isot.—I hardly think, my dear, the Doge will care  
To chop two heads off 'twixt the two stone pillars  
Because they wished to choose 'twixt two down pillows."

The choruses, too, are quite as skilfully managed as in *The Silver Head*; the stage directions are so elaborate and so ample as to relieve the actor from all necessity of study beyond the bare words of his part. Both comedies are, as usual, copiously adorned with notes, which add greatly to their interest—which are even so necessary to a correct understanding of the drama that we presume, in the contingency of scenic representation, they will be interpolated by the prompter, or possibly by the author himself from a proscenium box. They touch on philology, orthoëpy, grammar, architecture, history, and almost everything else of which Mr. Osborn knows or thinks he knows anything at all; they acquaint us also with the important fact that he possesses more than one dictionary which it is his erudite wont to enrich with marginal references—his capacity for notes is really something wonderful—that he shall afterwards be unable to verify; and, by various quotations from the original MS., show us how much worse it is possible for even Mr. Osborn to write when he tries. In a word, they are quite as admirable in their way as the text, and have the additional merit of being content to be very tolerable prose without pretending to be very intolerable verse.

What Mr. Osborn chiefly lacks as a dramatist is power to discriminate character or depict the workings of passion, which is about equivalent to saying he lacks dramatic ability. We cannot help regretting that he should not have recognized this deficiency earlier, and applied his ability and learning in other fields, where success was to be commanded as well as deserved. As a novelist or essayist he might have done better than as a dramatist or poet; he could not well have done worse. He has spent a lifetime in chasing shadows, in industriously throwing away whatever opportunities he may have had for leaving a permanent name in American literature. Twenty years ago, so competent a critic as Poe gave him the credit of having written "one of the best novels of its kind ever written in this country," *The Confessions of a Poet*, and "decidedly the best satire," *The Vision of Rubeta*. To be sure Poe's critical dicta were not always reliable or consistent, and *The Confessions of a Poet* he had, before his personal acquaintance with Mr. Osborn, contemptuously condemned; but in this instance we think his judgement was, in the main, correct. Mr. Osborn's scholarship, he said, was extensive and thorough; his critical abilities highly respectable; his wit and imagination deficient. And certainly *The Vision of Rubeta*, notwithstanding its pervading and repulsive coarseness, shows far more power and vigor of thought and expression than any of his plays that we have seen. Yet it has not lived. Indeed, it is a singular proof of the complete oblivion into which Mr. Osborn's name had fallen that no notice we have seen of his recent publications contains any intimation that he had ever before appeared in print—that he was the author of a satire which, in its brief day, had set half the literary folk of New York together by the ears. Can Mr. Osborn hope for his twelve tragedies and seven comedies any more auspicious fate?

## LIBRARY TABLE.

*Reply to Hon. Charles G. Loring upon Reconstruction.* By John S. Wright, of Illinois.—This is a pamphlet of two hundred pages in answer to an elaborate essay by Mr. Loring, of Boston, who strove to prove the correctness of the strictest sect of the old Federal party, so-called, which seems to have taken its name from the fact that it denied any federal character to our government, and would make it a simple consolidation of all power at Washington. Mr. Loring's views are those of the extreme men of this school, and he maintains that all sovereignty is lodged in the general government. In order to prove this, he seeks to prove another thing, to wit, that the states get all their power by direct grant from the general government. If he should succeed in this he will have accomplished the feat which John Quincy Adams insisted Berkeley had performed, to wit, the conclusive demonstration of something which no man in his senses could believe. The order of nature is that parents exist before their children in point of time, and until Mr. Loring can wipe out of history the fact that the states were in existence many years before the general government was born, his logic on this point may be read with admiration but not with conviction. Against these views Senator Wright protests, and has taken great pains to argue out and to illustrate the question from the foundation. His doctrines are his own and not those of any existing party or school of politics, and his earnestness in showing up to his readers their truth makes his pamphlet interesting to all who speculate about great political truths, as he insists all men should. Senator Wright's doctrine, as we understand it, is briefly this: that the states alone are sovereign; that in forming the federal Constitution they parted with none of their sovereignty; they invested by that instrument a newly organized set of common officers with the exercise of certain defined powers for all the states, and they agreed with each other, not with their common agent, the general government, that they would thereafter, each one, exercise its sovereignty within the limits set forth in the general Constitution; that a citizen of a seceding state is not guilty of treason for obeying his state, but that the state is guilty of breach of the compact; that there were no rebel citizens, nor was the war against the insurrection of individuals; but that the war was a war by some of the states, exercising their powers through the common agent, upon the other states to compel the latter to abide by the compact; that it was not a rebellion, but a war in the general sense, and that we have the right of conquerors over the whole recovered area; that the seceded and conquered states have lost their sovereignty; that Congress has no lawful power to treat of terms of reconstruction; that the states of the Union, acting through a convention, alone have this power by first restoring their sovereignty to the seceded states and then making a new compact with them; that we, as conquerors, may exact whatever terms we choose to lay down as conditions precedent to the restoration of sovereign powers to the seceded states and to a new compact. Starting with a doctrine of state sovereignty which would satisfy Calhoun, Mr. Wright leads up to Mr. Sumner's theory of state suicide. Our readers will see that the views are novel and original and worth examination.

*Twice Taken: an Historical Romance.* By Charles W. Hall. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.—If this book justified the expectations which some portions of the preface are calculated to awaken, it would have higher claims to the consideration of the reading public than, upon perusal of the subsequent pages, we are willing to accord it. The author tells us that:

"In the well-filled alcoves of Cambridge, from the writings of Cartier, La Hontan, and Champlain, of Halliburton, Stewart, and scores of others; from the relics of the old wars found in the homestead of his ancestors, which has stood for nearly two centuries, he has drawn the groundwork of this story."

We regret to be unable to predict for the writings of their descendant one tithe of the existence which has been so happily vouchsafed to the home of his "ancestors." The special qualifications which Mr. Hall appears to possess for romance writing consist in a slight knowledge of the language of some now nearly extinct Indian tribes, a familiar acquaintance with many of the localities he mentions, and a capacity for weaving a plot as intricately complicated as a Chinese puzzle, and about as much worth the trouble of unfolding. The Indian of fiction is fairly represented in the person of White Bear, and Cubenic is sketched with fidelity and spirit. Poor little Rosalie is very interesting, but inferior to Eulalie, and the most remarkable character in the book is that of Du Thet, who is a strange combination of priest, missionary, warrior, and sorcerer; who, while watching beside the bier of a dead Indian, performs strange incantations in the forest with "incense and wild gums," and the additional help of antique lamps; who causes the spirit of the dead man to arise and, assuming the form he bore in life, to speak to Eulalie and himself; and who subsequently calls up a still more potent spirit, who utters vague predictions, and departs leaving on the dead man's breast a cedar casket banded with gold, and containing three tiny arrows feathered with the plumes of humming-birds and tipped with jasper. What is perhaps most noticeable in the book is the reckless use of Indian words, introduced without any apparent reason in the course of long sentences, and accompanied by a translation which the author obligingly places at the foot of the page; doubtless the whole sentence might in some instances be rendered in the language of the aborigines without prejudice to the story, but it is decidedly a bore to find (as on page 22) eight words which need translation in the course of twelve lines. This, however, the author doubtless intends partially to account for when he says:

"He has tried to tell this story as it should be told—in words redolent with the resinous fragrance of the forest air; passionate as the lives and characters of the races they strive to portray,



musical with the ripple of waves, the swaying of boughs, the rush of gliding canoes, the many sounds of the forest; terrible and solemn with the strong passions of mortals, the strife of warring men and raging elements, the mystery of the soul's existence after death.

It certainly requires powerful language for all this, and the white man may be pardoned for calling in "Big Indian" to help him.

In justice to the author we must state that this is his first production, and as he assures us that his aim is to entertain the reader, we must take the will for the deed.

*Neighbors' Wives.* By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.—If upon this novel, as it was currently reported, hung the fate of *Northern Lights*, in the same way as, according to Mr. Charles Reade, that of *The Argosy* did upon his novel, the untimely end of Mr. Gilmore's latest magazine experiment is comprehensible. Mr. Trowbridge has fun in him, for he has shown it in previous works, notably in his *Coupon Bonds*; and indeed there is some in *Neighbors' Wives*, though by no means as much as its author supposes and as he tried with painful assiduity and apparentness to get into it.

The best part of the book is its plot, which, though slight and recalling Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*, is not without originality. A feud arises between a miserly old woman and her henpecked husband, parties of the first part, and their next-door neighbors, a very moral carpenter with a worthless, pretty, vain wife, parties of the second part, to the great humiliation of the parties of the first part. The vanity and silliness of Faustina, the pretty wife, aided by the machinations of a faded Titmouse, impel that lady to spend upon some worthless jewellery fifty dollars which her husband had with great difficulty obtained to complete the tale of a debt upon which his business depended. Fearing his wrath, when the discovery is made, Faustina steals from the hoard of her miserly neighbor the sum wherewith to restore her husband's fund. The theft is traced, apparently, to the husband, who, however, ascertains his wife's guilt, but determining, in obedience to her cowardly importunities, to become the vicarious scape-goat of her crimes, is tried, convicted, and sentenced to five years' confinement in the state prison. In consequence, his mother, a Dickensian old lady, dies under the agitation, and remorse overtakes the miserly lady for the gratification of her vengeance when she discovers that her victim was innocent. But more efficient aid had come in the person of Abel Dane's foster sister, who had loved him and been driven from the house when he married his silly wife, and who now, coming to him in his trial, ascertained the wife's guilt, proved it, got accusers, judge, and jury to memorialize the governor, obtained from that functionary the liberation of Abel, whom she can now inform of his wife's having procured a divorce on the score of his conviction, and, finally, being absolved from her own engagement, marries Abel, who on the last page enters with her "the path of blessedness into which the devious ways of difficulty and the sometimes dark ways of duty had led them."

Such is the framework which Mr. Trowbridge has padded with some good, some bad, and some indifferent humor, most of it having connection with Mrs. Prudence Apjohn, the miserly cooper's wife, who is the fac-simile of the miserly farmer's wife in *Coupon Bonds*, and her meek husband John. Some of the fun, however, is associated with Tasso Smith (Titmouse), a cheap village Lothario, whose character inspires the reader's disgust less for him than for the taste which could lead any one to create and dwell upon it. One marked characteristic of Mr. Trowbridge's sprightliness savors of rustic newspapers and schoolboys' compositions. A razor, for instance, is "the tonsorial implement;" an ugly girl who has put her apron over her head "uncovers her interesting lineaments;" and "permits her frizzled head and one corner of her corrugated countenance to be uncovered;" of Mrs. Prudence Apjohn, being impatient, we are told:

"I shall fly!" she repeatedly informed the deliberate universe. The wings were not yet grown, however, with which that massy female was to perform the threatened aerial excursion. She was by no means a volatile animal. The consequence was that when at last John's doleful physiognomy appeared coming through the gate . . . the solid housewife still gravitated as near the planet as any unfigured biped on its surface."

and, finally, of this same couple, John having fainted in the extremity of his remorse, we read:

"Anxiously and tenderly broad-bosomed Prudence bent over him, looking for 'some sign.' 'If you love me, John, spit in my face,' she entreated him. 'John did not grant this expressive token of endearment.'"

Mr. Trowbridge is capable of so much better work than this that we regret extremely that he should have insulted the public with a novel in all points of execution so discreditable to himself.

*Woodward's Record of Horticulture.* Edited by Andrew S. Fuller. New York: Geo. B. & P. W. Woodward. 1867.—In this country, where the prospect of making a rapid fortune by trade or speculation naturally induces so many to embark in mercantile pursuits, it is fortunate that a counterbalancing attraction is to be found in the peculiar advantages offered by soil and climate for all agricultural purposes. Every year people of moderate capital are led away from the unhealthy life of the cities to find in the cultivation of the ground an occupation at once agreeable and remunerative. With the increased attention given to fruit-raising comes such a decided increase in the number of books published on that and kindred subjects that the seeker after information is quite bewildered. With a view, under these circumstances, to give a helping hand, Messrs. Woodward have determined to issue yearly a *Record of Horticulture*.

The present volume, edited by Mr. Fuller, contains discriminating notices of all new publications relating to the garden or the farm, and gives short but clear descriptions of such new varieties of fruits and flowers as are worthy of remark, and some exceedingly useful instruction to amateurs. Mr. Fuller furnishes some very sensible reflections concerning the advantages of horticultural occupation for women, and pertinently asks: "Is it less noble than sitting idle or waiting upon customers in some

close, half-stifling shop in a city or plying the needle for sixteen hours a day for scarcely enough to keep soul and body as partners for a few years?" The little book is nicely bound and printed, and if in the contents of the successive volumes a sufficient variety can be maintained, they will form a useful addition to any library.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

E. B. TREAT & Co., New York.—Wearing of the Gray. By John Estlin Cooke. Pp. 601. 1867.  
HURD & Houghton, New York.—Old Curiosity Shop. Sketches. Part I. By Charles Dickens. Four vols. in one. Pp. 393, 299, 298, 338. 1867.  
LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston.—Modern Enquiries: Classical, Professional, and Miscellaneous. By Jacob Bigelow, M.D. Pp. 379. 1867.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The Invisibles: an Explanation of Phenomena Commonly Called Spiritual. Pp. 331. 1867.  
G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York.—Poems. By Sarah T. Bolton. Pp. 300. 1867.  
Ellen: a Poem for the Times. Pp. 48. 1867.

#### PAMPHLETS, ETC.

BEADLE & Co., New York.—Romance of the Green Seal. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. Pp. 73. 1867.  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & Sons, London and New York.—The Brown Papers. By Arthur Sketchley. Reprinted from Fun. Pp. 190. 1867.  
A. K. LORING, Boston.—A Week in a French Country House. Pp. 50. 1867.  
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co., New York.—The Metric System of Weights and Measures. Prepared for Robinson's series of Arithmetics.  
ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—Elementary Principles in Art. Pp. xxii.  
We have also received A Reply to Hon. Charles G. Loring upon Reconstruction, by John S. Wright, of Illinois, pp. 200; New York in the Nineteenth Century, a Discourse delivered before the New York Historical Society on its Sixty-second Anniversary, by Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D.; A Criticism of Mr. Wm. B. Reed's Aspersions on the Character of Dr. Benjamin Rush, with an incidental Consideration of Gen. Joseph Reed's Character; New York Medical Journal, The Eclectic Magazine, and American reprint of Blackwood's Magazine—New York; The American Journal of Horticulture—Boston.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### ARCHAEOLOGICAL FILTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Suffer a word of friendly expostulation respecting your having (unwittingly, I hope) admitted into the columns of THE ROUND TABLE an advertisement tending to promote the sale of a book which it is next to impossible to read without its defiling the mind. I refer to a work illustrative of the obscenities of certain idolatrous acts of worship among pagan nations. It is stated to be "a most important contribution to archaeological science;" but surely it were better for mankind to remain for ever ignorant of much that is past than that the moral atmosphere should be contaminated by lovers of the antique disinterfering from the grave of paganism the putrescent body of the idol Priapus.

What benefit can a knowledge of the disgusting practices of the heathen confer on any one? Can it ennoble the soul? Can it purify the imagination? Will it elevate the taste? Is it calculated to cherish in us the love of the beautiful? May we hope that it will subdue the baser passions of our nature? Are we to believe that it will fit the mind for intercourse with the virtuous on earth or render it capable of holding communion with heaven? Have the disseminators of such knowledge themselves experienced that it has raised them above the influence of sensuality and created in them a yearning after all that is chaste and spiritual and God-like? If not, then in the name of all that is sacred to the best interests of humanity, I ask why are such works allowed to be published, or, having been surreptitiously published, why do they receive the sanction of the public press?

The despot who deluges the earth with blood, and offers upon the reeking altar of his ambition the mangled bodies of his fellow-men, deserves and receives the execration of his contemporaries and posterity brands his detested name with disgrace. Howbeit, the soothing hand of time wipes away the widow's tears, and the fatherless forget their misery. But the obscene writer who, by means of the virus of sensual thoughts and pictures, poisons the mind, commits an evil of which it is impossible to estimate either the magnitude or the duration. He is guilty of an irreparable wrong, a wrong which nothing can palliate and which no tears of regret can ever wash away. A wounded spirit may be healed and a great grief be made a great blessing, but who can extract from the mind the poison of an impure thought? Evil, alas! finds too ready a welcome within us, and a thought that is cherished has a moulding influence on the character. We become what our thoughts are. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. xxiii. 7). Moreover, not only is it true that "In the place where the tree filleth, there it shall lie" (Eccl. xi. 3), but in the direction in which the tree leaneth so it will fall. It behooves us, therefore, most carefully to watch the inclination of our souls, and jealously to guard ourselves and each other against anything that would warp us towards evil.

In the burning of the 400,000 manuscript volumes in the library at Alexandria there were, unquestionably, many valuable works destroyed; but I am strongly disposed to the belief, that did we know the contents of every book then reduced to ashes, we should see in that conflagration more reasons for thankfulness than for regret. Would that every corrupting work could be destroyed in like manner. We do not need acquaintance with the impure. It is a curse; and to some it is the curse of their lives. They have "eyes full of adultery" (2 Peter ii. 14), an adulteress ever before their eyes, and their whole being is debased by the enslaving dominion of a prurient imagination. How many of such would gladly give their right hand or their right eye to have again the pure minds of children; and how many, too, in utter despair of ever escaping from the vile tyranny of sensualism, plunge madly into the vortex of

evil, and die anathematizing those who have been the cause of their ruin!

It is in vain that archaeologists tell us they are but recording the history of our race. We cannot allow any plea or justification of men doing that which inflicts an injury on their fellows. Instruction in evil that is defiling cannot be necessary to our well being. "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth thee to err from the words of knowledge," is the advice of the wisest of men (Prov. xix. 27); and concerning the idolatrous practices of the heathen God has elsewhere said, "Take heed to thyself that thou be not snared by following them, . . . and that thou enquire not after their gods, saying, How did these nations serve their gods? even so will I do likewise" (Deut. xii. 30). Not merely was all idolatry forbidden, but also all enquiry respecting its abominations. "It is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret" (Eph. v. 12).

I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely,  
GEO. WASHINGTON MOON.

LONDON, May 3, 1867.

[We publish this letter out of respect for our correspondent, notwithstanding our fear that he advertises the objectionable work more effectually than we did. Mr. Moon's implication that we were quite ignorant of the contents of the book is an accurate one, although it must be admitted that its title is calculated to suggest enquiry, and we might, with propriety, have scrutinized the matter more closely. It is, however, so much a matter of course to expect none other than respectable advertisements from respectable publishers that an inadvertence of the sort may, perhaps, be accounted as excusable as it is rare.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

#### LITERARIANA.

A GOOD deal of interesting information about foreign journalism chances just now to be given by various of our English contemporaries. Concerning its condition in Great Britain *The (London) Publishers' Circular* makes an abridgement from the report contributed to the Paris Exposition catalogue by Mr. Charles Alston Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins and author of that delightful book, *A Cruise upon Wheels*. Of newspapers Mr. Collins makes this enumeration:

London daily papers, . . .	21	Magazines, etc., . . .	290
" weekly " . . .	28	Law journals, . . .	30
" illustrated " . . .	6	Medical " . . .	30
" class " . . .	36	Political and general reviews " . . .	34
" local " . . .	36	Agricultural " . . .	34
Provincial " . . .	650	Scientific and philosophical " . . .	70
Welsh " . . .	43	Art " . . .	15
Manx " . . .	4	Mechanical " . . .	12
Scottish " . . .	140	Educational " . . .	23
Irish " . . .	125	Juvenile " . . .	32
Commercial " . . .	67	Light and miscellaneous " . . .	137

The 52 children's publications are entirely the growth of the last thirty years, before which time such literature was unthought of, and they are not only of all forms and styles, but are adapted to all ages, some being designed for mere infants. The trade journals, too, have reached a number such as might seem incomprehensible on this side the water, there being separate papers for the baker, grocer, oilman, draper, ironmonger, chemist, pawnbroker, and anti-tobaccoist. Two of the journals, *The Tailor* and *The Whip*, were the subjects of an interesting article in a late number of *The Athenaeum*, which describes the former as an old and well established publication, but highly excited and warlike by reason of present trade agitations. Among its advertisements, not the only one of a literary character, is the statement that two thousand tailors are "wanted to be subscribers to a new edition of poems by John King (the Tailor-Poet)." *The Whip*, reports the writer, "really is a very creditable journal," with leading articles of which the first is *Mr. Bright at Birmingham*, while in others various forms of oppressions by trades unions are discountenanced and very good counsel is given to cabman and omnibus-conductors, and there is even some smooth sentimental poetry on *The Cabman's Badge*. A paper for engine-drivers, we learn, is soon to be added to this list.

A valuable chapter of the history of one kind of these class journals is contributed to *Tribune's Literary Record* by Mr. Theodore Küster, the journals in question being devoted to typographical literature, and being twenty in number. The first publication of this kind ever issued was the *Journal für Buchdruckerkunst*, established by Dr. Heinrich Meyer at Brunswick in 1834; and five years ago there were only three—the above-named, one issued in London, and *The Typographic Advertiser*, published in Philadelphia by the celebrated type foundry firm of L. Johnson & Co., and which is spoken of in very complimentary terms. Dr. Meyer, it appears, was an enthusiast in all matters connected with printing, having sacrificed a fortune in his experiments upon inventions and apparatus, the results of which were published in his *Journal*, which was under his editorship for thirty years and still maintains its position as the leading continental authority on these subjects. The typographical journals now existing are 6 in England and Scotland, 5 in the United States (3 in New York, 2 in Philadelphia), 3 in Germany, and one each published at Vienna, Berne, Paris, Madrid, Prague, and Basle.

One of the publications included in the English list is *The Newspaper Press*, an exquisitely printed twenty-page monthly which it is impossible to praise too highly, and which is correctly described in its own words as "a real press organ, actually devoted to newspaper matters, . . . recording newspaper history and collecting newspaper facts and statistics, opening up (!) a medium of communication between all classes of newspaper people." To this journal also Mr. Küster is a contributor, giving in the numbers before us chapters of *A History of Early Continental Newspapers*. The first trace of



them we find in *The Messenger from the Capital*, published in China long before Christ, which was the organ of the Emperor, to whom the editor was responsible with his head, and which was published daily "and computed to fill 300 volumes a year, although private persons were denied the right of inserting anything in it." Newspapers were then for ages unheard of, the Jews having facilities for public notifications in their Temple worship, the Greeks in the Agora, the Romans in the Forum, although Julius Caesar established a sort of Senate journal which Augustus replaced by another sheet exclusively devoted to the interests of Roman citizens. In the middle ages the public criers and the pulpits supplied the want, and we come upon the first *bona fide* newspaper in war bulletins published at Venice in 1500, and frequently repeated, although at irregular intervals, during several years. The first regularly issued weekly journal was founded in 1605, at Frankfurt, by a bookseller named Emmel, whose rival, the *Frankfurter Postzeitung*, commenced in 1616, regularly appeared for 250 years, until it succumbed last year to the political changes. We cannot further follow even as cursorily as we have thus far done Mr. Küster's exceedingly interesting history, which brings us to the wretched newspapers of Spain and Russia. *The Newspaper Press*, which seems to treat the interests of newspapers as exhaustively as *The Athenaeum* does those of more permanent literature, has very full news details from all parts of the world, including much information respecting American newspapers, of whose struggles for early news in the days before railroads, when Mr. David Hale inaugurated a news yacht for *The Journal of Commerce*, we find a very interesting chapter in the May number. Occasionally it is amusingly at fault, as when it states *The Tribune's* circulation at 5,000, and mentions the American News Company as a new enterprise; but usually its articles on cis-Atlantic journalism are accurate, and its news more complete than we should have believed possible.

Of the distribution of newspapers on the Continent we find these statements from the reports made at the opening of this year: France had 336 political journals, an increase of 6 over the previous year, whereof 64 were printed in Paris and 272 in the provinces; non-political papers and periodicals number 1,435—710 metropolitan, 725 provincial, against 703 and 604 last year. In Germany, exclusive of Austria, the newspapers are 3,241, of which 747 are political, 2,494 non-political, 1,471 of them being published in Prussia, 266 in the kingdom of Saxony, 169 in Württemberg. The general state of the continental news of newspapers is the arrest, fine, imprisonment, or banishment of editors or the suppression of their papers, there being, apparently, a revival of vigilance by the governments from Spain to Russia, and old laws brought to light and penalties enforced which had for years been regarded as dead letters. In this way, in Paris, the sale on the streets of *La Liberté* (Girardin's) and *L'Avenir National* has been prohibited—a punishment which, if sufficiently long continued, is about equivalent to suppression. In France the lines are being drawn very close. M. Mathieu, who is an intimate associate of M. Rouher, and therefore understood to represent the government, has offered amendments to the new press law which include provisions that every polemical article shall be deposited with a government official twenty-four hours before its publication, in order that an official scribe may prepare an answer which is to appear in the same type with and close beside it, after all which the ordinary punishments may still be inflicted. Other provisions of the new law which *The London Review* quotes from *Les Débats* are that every political journal must be printed on just four pages, the first belonging to the editors, the second and third to the public, who, on paying 40c., 30c., or 20c., as the case may be, may insert whatever they please, and the fourth to advertisements and the Bourse reports. A refusal to insert any article sent by French citizens of either sex is ground for legal action, while the printing of anything offensive subjects the editor to the same penalties as the writer. So much for French freedom of the press, than which the state of things in Spain, Russia, and Turkey seems to be, though less systematic, far more intolerable and precarious.

MR. ABRAHAM E. CUTLER has published a limited edition of the poetical and prose writings of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the wife of the old Massachusetts governor and the first poet of her sex in America. The poems have been exactly reprinted from the second edition published in Boston under her own supervision in 1678, with foot-notes where changes were made from the first edition. In addition to the poems are seventy-six pages of miscellaneous writings, printed for the first time from her MSS., with a biographical introduction and notes by Mr. John Harvard Ellis; also various illustrations and facsimiles of the author's MS. and of the title-pages of the editions of her poems printed in 1650, 1678, and 1758. The volume, which is from the press of John Wilson & Son and is uniform with the publications of the Bradford Club, will be succeeded, if the experiment prove successful, by the poems of Michael Wigglesworth and of others of our early poets.

#### THE TOURNAMENT: JOUST FIRST.

BEING THE RIGHT PLEASANT JOUST BETWEEN HEART AND BRAIN.

Bright shone the lists, blue bent the skies,  
And the knights still hurried main;  
To the tournament under the ladies' eyes,  
Where the Joustiers were Heart and Brain.

#### II.

Flourished the trumpets: entered Heart,  
A youth in crimson and gold.  
Flourished again: Brain stood apart,  
Steel-armored, dark, and cold.

#### III.

Heart's palfrey caracolled gayly round,  
Heart tra-la'd merrily;  
But Brain sat still, with never a sound,  
So cynical-calm was he.

IV.  
Heart's helmet-crest bore favors three  
From his lady's white hand caught;  
While Brain wore a plumbeous casque; not he  
Or favor gave or sought.

V.  
The herald blew: Heart shot a glance  
To find his lady's eye,  
But Brain gazed straight ahead his lance  
To aim more faithfully.

VI.  
They charged, they struck; both fell, both bled.  
Brain rose again, unglowed,  
Heart, dying, smiled and faintly said,  
"My love to my beloved!"

SIDNEY LANIER.

MR. J. R. GILMORE—whose deportment under a peculiarly annoying and scandalous charge has been such as entitles him to a respectful sympathy which we regret to see in some quarters withheld—is at work on a new life of Jesus, which he entitles *Our Lord in Flesh and Blood*.

#### BIRD-SONG.

I.  
Pwee! chee! twee! sings a tiny bird,  
With as sorrowful note as e'er was heard;  
He sings in rainy weather,  
When there's no bird, save himself, will roam,  
But safely and snugly sits at home,  
And fears to stir a feather.

Pwee! chee! twee!  
Mournful he sings;  
And his sad melody,  
Like a drear Well-a-day!  
Through the dim air and my dull heart rings.

II.  
Pwee! chee! twee! like a lone, lost wight,  
He somewhere sings in the leaves out o' sight,  
As if all hope were dying;  
And the cold drops drip through the shivering trees  
Like tears; and anon the disconsolate breeze  
Goes sighing, to him replying.  
Pwee! chee! twee!  
Mournful he sings;  
And his sad melody,  
Like a drear Well-a-day!  
Through the dim air and my dull heart rings.

III.  
Pwee! chee! twee! unto dole woe born?  
Art bird, or a wandering spirit forlorn,  
Of some strange fate complaining?  
Or only a phantom-sound 't' the air,  
Voicing the gloom and the brief despair  
Felt when it's dawningly raining?  
Pwee! chee! twee!  
Mournful he sings;  
And his sad melody,  
Like a drear Well-a-day!  
Through the dim air and my dull heart rings.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

ADMIRAL JOHN A. DAHLGREN has written the life of his son, Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, whose death in the futile dash on Richmond excited such general national anxiety.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND has sufficiently recovered his usual health to be at work again on his poem, *Katrina*, said to be his *chef d'œuvre*, much of which is already in type for publication early in the fall.

MR. GEORGE HENRY LEWES in a letter to *The Athenaeum* makes a singular statement, which is in effect as follows: Messrs. Hurd & Houghton made him an offer about the publication in this country of his *History of Philosophy*, an answer to which he was obliged to defer because the Messrs. Appleton had been the publishers of his former edition and had therefore, by courtesy, a claim to the refusal of the present one—the latter being essentially a new work, so enlarged that while the former was contained in one volume and sold at 16s., this is in two volumes and to sell at 30s., while the alterations have been so essential as to occasion a change of title. For three months, says Mr. Lewes, he received no answer; then on application to the London agent of the Messrs. Appleton he learned that they "considered they had a right to publish all future editions of [his] work without payment," because ten years ago they had given the magnificent sum of £25 to secure themselves against rivals for the second edition, and Mr. Lewes judges that, *volens volens*, his publishers of the new work must be the Messrs. Appleton, although another house is ready to take and pay for the book. Such is Mr. Lewes's story, but it is so difficult to credit of one of our most eminent representative publishing houses that we refrain from comment in the assurance that an explanation is possible which shall set matters in a different light.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S murder, we are happy in being able to believe, was prematurely credited. Sir Roderick Murchison has succeeded in ascertaining that the two Johanna men on whose authority the story rested have given to different people such varying and inconsistent versions as to justify the belief that the whole thing was a falsehood to justify their desertion of him. Moreover, news has reached England from Zanzibar that a white man has been at Tanganyika who, there is reason to believe, was none other than Livingstone. The letter quoted by the daily papers as confirming the worst reports does nothing of the kind. The English expedition in quest of him starts on the 10th of this month.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Athenaeum* has shown that "the old story about Charles the second knighting a loin of beef, and thus giving origin to the *Sirloin*, should be finally consigned to the limbo of vulgar errors." Among the proofs he adduces are passages from old books, one of which, dated 1623, speaks of "a *Srlain*," and a rond of beef," and in another, *The Aborigine of an Idle Hour*, 1620, is the expression, "one end of a sur-loin of beefe called the buckler piece," etc.—which seems to fix the derivation quite clearly.

MISS JEAN INGELOW'S new volume, *A Story of Doom, and other Poems*, instead of being withheld till the fall is to be published this month, and will be given us by Messrs. Roberts Bros. simultaneously with its appearance abroad. Among the "other poems" are *Dreams that Came True*, *Songs on the Voices of Birds*, *Songs on the Night-Watches*,

*Songs of Contrast*, *Songs with Preludes*—but one or two of the collection having yet been in print.

LORD DENRY's recent awards of literary pensions include annual sums of £100 to Mrs. Chisholm, the writer and philanthropist; £100 to four daughters of the late Dr. Petrie, an eminent antiquary of Dublin; and £95 to Mr. George Cruikshank, the artist.

MR. RUSKIN, who has by this time discharged his duties as Rede Lecturer at Cambridge, is to receive an honorary doctor's degree from that University.

M. CHAMPOLLION-FIGEAC, whose death at Fontainebleau is announced by the last mail, was the oldest and one of the most eminent of French archaeologists. He was a son of the famous Egyptian translator, was the author of a large number of archaeological works, and editor of various rare and curious MSS. in his capacity of chief of the commission for organizing the archives of France, and was also at different periods the librarian to the Imperial Library and to the Château Impérial of Fontainebleau—the latter of which positions he held at the time of his death.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S new, that is newly translated, book is *Out of the Heart, Spoken to the Little Ones*, which will probably in due time appear on this side the Atlantic.

ALI HAIDER BEY, a Turkish litterateur, has just written the first tragedy that has ever appeared in the Turkish language. Its title is *The Princess Noon*, and the scene is laid in the time of Semiramis.

IVAN TURGENEV—the Russian novelist whose *Fathers and Sons* is soon to be given us by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt—has, in consideration of 6,000 silver roubles, written a novel entitled *Smoke* for the *Messenger Russe*.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: "Enquirer," of your issue May 25, will find in Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.*, part ii., act iv., scene 4, the verse—  
"Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought."

Bithus and Bacchus were two celebrated gladiators of equal age and strength who, after conquering many competitors, engaged with each other and died of mutual wounds; whence the proverb to express equality, "*Bithus contra Bacchum*."

D. A. T.

NASSAU HALL, N. J., May 23, 1867.

Our correspondent might have added that those classic pugilists are alluded to in *Horace*, Sat. i. 7—  
"Rupit et Persi par pugnat; uti non  
Compositus melius cum *Bitho* *Bacchus*."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Can any of your readers send me the leading facts and dates in the lives of the following noted men, viz.: William Johnson, of South Carolina, and Thomas Todd and Robert Trimble, of Kentucky—all of whom were formerly associate justices of the Supreme Court? I should also like to be briefly posted in regard to the history of John Rodgers, who was Secretary of the Navy in 1823. Very respectfully yours,

CHARLES LANMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The phrase, "*Semel insanivimus omnes*," with its context, is quoted in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part iii., sec. 1, mem. 1, sub. 1, and is there referred to Catullus. Will some one point out the fallacy given in *Webster's Dictionary* under the word *dilemma*?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Will some one inform me where to find and how correctly to quote the line (as nearly as I can recall it)—  
"Like Dead Sea fruit that turns to ashes on the lip?"

Sincerely yours,

AGNES S. M.

BALTIMORE, May 25, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In *The Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1860, appeared a *Threnody* addressed to Alfred Tennyson, P.L., in response to *Verses of his on a late Event in England*. What verses of Tennyson's are here referred to? I find nothing in his collected works on the death of Macaulay, which appears to be the subject of the above-mentioned *Threnody*. As anything of Tennyson's must be worth preservation, if only as a literary curiosity, perhaps some of your correspondents will be able to furnish a copy of these verses, and you will oblige me by giving them a place in *Notes and Queries*. Respectfully,  
J. M. H.

LEWISTON, Maine, May 25, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In answer to the enquiry of a correspondent in your paper as to the origin of the saying, "*Semel insanivimus omnes*," I would suggest that it may be found in the first Eclogue of Manilius, an Italian Latin poet who lived a good many years ago. Dr. Johnson was once offered ten guineas to tell whence this saying was taken, but could not do it. So Boswell says.  
Yours truly,  
H. S. D.

#### THE ROUND TABLE.

CONTENTS OF No. 123.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1.

The New State Senate, Political Offences,  
Protection for Travellers,  
Financial Matters, Jerome Park and the Jockey Club,  
Grimbling, Two Painters.

CORRESPONDENCE:

London.

REVIEWS:

Carl Ritter, A Story of Old Paris, Benedicite, Half-Tints,  
The Gospels, The History of the Church in Verse,  
The Life and Labors of Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the Serampore Missionaries, Plain Sermons on Personal Religion,  
Hints and Thoughts for Christians,  
The Magazines.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Creation or Transmutation, Sunday, Putnam's Monthly,  
An Acknowledgment, The Birth of Pleasure.

MISCELLANEA:

Railroad Mortality.

LITERARIANA. NOTES AND QUERIES.

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